

THE MONTH

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EDITORIAL COMMENTS

The Pope and Italy

THE faithful everywhere must share the concern of the Pope regarding good relations between the Italian Government and the Vatican. Last month saw the close of the ninth year during which the Lateran Treaty, recognizing the sovereign independence of the Holy See, and the Concordat, regulating the relations between Church and State in Italy, have been in existence. On the whole the benefits to both parties have been great and manifest, and, apart from an early Fascist attempt to invade the rights both of Church and parent in education, sternly and successfully rebuked by the Pope in "Non Abbiamo Bisogno," the arrangements have worked well. The long-drawn-out conflict between loyalty to the Catholic Faith and loyalty to the civil Government has been almost entirely resolved, the independence of the Papal policy faithfully respected, and the observance of religious duties markedly improved throughout the country. The fact that the Pope insisted from the first that Treaty and Concordat must stand and fall together gives a measure of stability to both, since it is plain that a renewed outbreak of hostility between the Quirinal and the Vatican would grievously weaken the position and influence of Italy at home and abroad. It is not, of course, beyond the folly of a secularist State, as unhappily we see in Germany, to override, in the pursuit of national aims, the fundamental rights of the Church and her members, and thus quarrel with the one authority whose teaching is the firmest support of just government everywhere. But our Holy Father in making the 1929 Treaty set aside the suggestion that he should seek to associate other States with Italy as guarantors of his sovereign independence. He preferred to rely upon "the conscience and sense of justice of the Italian people," and "still more on God's Providence—that indefectible assistance divinely promised to the Church."¹ In other words, the Pope knows

¹ See "How the Roman Question was Settled" (C.T.S.), pp. 8—10.

that, until the reign of Christ has been firmly and permanently established amongst men, the fortunes of the Church, exposed to the constant assaults of the "gates of hell," cannot be safeguarded against human vicissitudes by merely human means. And he knows too that the divine guarantee of indefectibility stands firm for all time. *Stat Crux dum volvitur Orbis.*

Facta forma gregis

MORE than once His Holiness has expressed his joy that his lot has been cast in these stirring times, when the very violence of the "gates of hell" has given opportunity for new efforts on the part of the Church Militant and fresh inspiration to the faithful. He celebrated on February 12th the sixteenth anniversary of his Coronation, and he could regard in retrospect a reign crowded with events and pronouncements which have greatly furthered the cause of Christianity in both the temporal and spiritual order. But he is far from proposing to sing his *Nunc dimittis*. Anxiety for the cause of God against atheism, whether formal or implicit, everywhere; solicitude for the Church of God in Germany, Mexico and Spain; grief for the shortcomings of her members, apathetic, worldly, rebellious under discipline, heedless of his exhortations; zeal for the conversion of the multitudinous heathen—no ruler on earth has such a weight and diversity of burdens to support, nor could our common Father support them except by the manifest help of God. What an inspiration and a stimulus to all who aspire to the Apostolate is the spectacle of this octogenarian, triumphing over the weakness of age in the active fulfilment of incessant and heavy tasks!

Infelix Austria

ONE of the Pope's greatest consolations must have been the spectacle of the little Catholic State of Austria trying to organize its whole political and industrial life on lines suggested by "Quadragesimo Anno," whereby the body politic is welded into one whole by the harmonious co-operation of the varied interests of which it is composed—the Corporative State which gives scope to genuine democracy without the drawbacks of its party strife, and which can be seen in a fuller stage of development in the flourishing Portugal of

Salazar. But now it seems likely that that hopeful experiment will be arrested, if not destroyed, because of the new relations between Austria, which is predominantly Catholic, and the German Reich, which seems bent on destroying Catholicism. It is too early to judge the possible effects of the closer union between those two Germanic peoples which Herr Hitler has, of course in defiance of Versailles,¹ recently inaugurated. But once again the short-sighted folly that, in framing the Peace Treaties, imposed punitive enactments which were to remain in force for years and fetter the lawful independence of guiltless generations, becomes more and more apparent. Herr Hitler's position to-day, when all Europe waits anxiously upon his word, is the direct result of the vengeful but senseless attempt in 1919 to cripple Germany permanently. Her representative now holds the fortunes of Europe in his hands, to mar if not to make, because then the Big Four could not see beyond their noses and showed no understanding of the psychology of nations. Nothing could be thought more natural and expedient than that the German fragment of the shattered Austrian Empire, unable to stand alone, should be allowed to establish itself in some fashion as a province of the motherland and thus repair more readily the ravages of war. But no! that might make the Federated German Republic too strong, and so the ill-omened Article 80 was drawn up.

Repression the cause of Resurgence

LATER on, in 1931, when, in their desperate endeavour to ease their economic distress, Germany and Austria devised a Customs Union, they were haled before the World Court of International Justice, and their enterprise forbidden by a narrow vote on openly political lines—to the permanent discredit of that supposedly impartial tribunal. Then, in 1933, when the Nazis, with their perverse political ideology, came into power, the Union between the two Germanic peoples, which at first might well have been a means to peace and prosperity, became a formidable menace, and a new alignment of Powers, Britain, France and Italy—the “Stresa

¹ Article 80 “Germany acknowledges and will respect strictly the independence of Austria . . . she agrees that this independence shall be inalienable except with the consent of the Council of the League of Nations.” Subsequent regulations in the Treaty of St. Germain and elsewhere forbade Austria to give Germany any special customs concessions.

Front"—issued an agreement (February 17 and September 27, 1934) pledging themselves to maintain Austrian independence. Like every other attempt to retrieve the blunder of Versailles, this undertaking came too late. The Nazi Government continued to agitate for union by outside pressure and inside treachery, culminating in the murder of Herr Dollfuss in July, 1934, when Italy moved troops to the Brenner. Dollfuss had made Austria a Federated Corporative Republic early in that year and his successor pursued his policy, actually extracting from the Reich, in July, 1936, a solemn promise in these terms—"Germany unconditionally recognizes the political independence of Austria." But the German alliance with Italy—the Rome-Berlin axis of last year—has removed Austria's most powerful support; consequently the recent arrangement between Herr Hitler and Dr. Schuschnigg has met with no protest, although it exposes even the Austrian Government to such strong German influence that its political independence will be a mere pretence. Pan-Germanism, the bogey of Versailles, has become a stern and menacing reality—and the Versailles Powers are dumb.

Germany tells the World

HERR HITLER, in his discourse to the Reichstag on Sunday, February 20th, summing up the results of five years of Nazi rule, shed the last vestige of diplomatic reserve and spoke as if Germany had now no need to make friends but was strong enough to pursue any policy that suited her. Allowing for the exaggerations, the half-truths, the omissions, appropriate to the man and the occasion, there was much reason for self-congratulation in this bitter yet triumphant oration. Herr Hitler's life's aim has been to abolish the Versailles Treaty as the living witness of German defeat and impotence, and he has done so, thoroughly and finally, in spite of widespread internal disorder and destitution, and the threats of his armed enemies abroad. He has, indeed, in the process, made havoc of the freedom, the culture and the religion of Germany. By means of pure terrorism he has made, and he maintains, a nation in arms, materially powerful but spiritually impotent, because founded on a merely animal basis. The racialism which the Nazi fosters has been condemned from the religious standpoint in the emphatic words of the Pope's great Encyclical "*Mit Brenn-*

der Sorge,"¹ and on grounds of mere humanity by M. Marin-tain speaking thus in Paris:

From a social and cultural point of view, racialism lowers and humiliates to an appalling degree, reason, thought, science and art, subordinates them to flesh and blood, and robs them of their natural catholicity. Of all the forms of barbarism which threaten men, racialism gives them the shape that is most inhuman and lowering; it rivets them to biological categories and determinisms from which no urge for freedom can save them.²

But for the time being, the Christian world can only regard Germany with the doubt and fear which powerful and irresponsible dictators naturally excite.

Sound Criticisms from Hitler

FOR all that, there is not a little in the Reichstag speech which the Christian world, apt at bemusing itself with mere phrases, might profitably ponder, much to which these humble pages, in we hope politer language, has invited its attention. First, Herr Hitler has mercilessly exposed the radical unsoundness of the League of Nations' policy and practice, and especially its refusal to insist upon its members adopting the measure of disarmament to which Germany was compelled. Whatever its ideals, it became in practice merely an instrument to enforce the penal clauses of the Diktat. Moreover, the victors showed no disposition to restore to a republican Germany those imperial colonies of which the Treaty deprived her, or at least by a redistribution of Mandates, give her an appropriate share in the civilization of backward races. The Fuehrer spoke, further, of the extreme licence of the democratic Press in discussing and reviling foreign nations and foreign statesmen—an abuse which, while it is not confined to democracies, is undoubtedly a potent cause of the prevalent world disorder. The right to criticize Governments is a necessary quality of human liberty, but it must needs be exercised with knowledge, understanding and above all—how Fleet Street will smile!—with Christian charity. It is a practice, and a deplorable one, for every nation to look upon its own national ideals and ways of life as the standard whereby to judge and condemn the foreigner, and perhaps such insular prejudice flourishes best in islands.

¹ C.T.S. See especially §§ 34—38.

² Quoted in *The Tablet*, February 12th, p. 201.

Hitler Exposes the Left

A GAIN Herr Hitler was on sure ground when, alluding to the Left propaganda, which has led to a belated protest against the use of the bombing aeroplane by Spaniards, he called attention to "the butchery perpetrated by Marxist mobs in Spain whose victims are numbered by neutral democratic observers at certainly not less than half a million," and added, "we know that so far this butchery has not moved the brave democratic minds of our world-pacifists the slightest little bit." It is too true that the bulk of those who signed the appeal have never uttered a word against the nightly mass-murders in Madrid and other towns in the hands of the Reds, just as it is the lamentable fact that those who deplore the contributions of Italy and Germany to General Franco's forces, say not a syllable about the constant stream of men and munitions which reaches Red Spain from Red France and from Russia. One of the worst political scandals of our day, which is mentioned here only because anti-Catholic sentiment is at the root of it, and which is having its repercussions at the moment in our "Cabinet crisis," has been the almost complete official concealment of notorious facts telling against the Reds, that is maintained by the British Government and Press. Making every allowance for anti-Red bias in the details accumulated by a French observer in "Arms for Red Spain" (B.O. & W.: 6d.), the testimony from neutral and hostile sources is too abundant and detailed to allow any doubt that the Reds would have long ago collapsed but for the assistance coming to them from France and Belgium, as well as from the Soviets. Mr. Eden lifted the veil, only once and only partly, when he admitted in the House (June 26, 1937) that Soviet Russia had "undoubtedly" provided Barcelona with a large quantity of war material. It is owing to the fact that our democratic Press is muzzled, either by the Government or its own bigotry, that the prolonged and futile discussions of the Non-Intervention Committee are popularly regarded with such indifference.

Right Spain still to be helped

IT is in view of such dishonesty on the part of Left-sympathizers that Herr Hitler's announcement that neither Italy nor Germany would cease to help the Nationalists of Spain until Bolshevism was overcome there, must be regarded

with satisfaction, for our Lefts have been constantly asserting that both these countries are tired of their Spanish adventure. On the contrary, "it is their goal to secure a national Spain in complete independence." If we recognize that the ultimate aim of atheist Russia, and of the Comintern which is its instrument, is to overthrow Christian civilization, and that it works by assisting the discontented citizens of the various States to organize revolt, we cannot blame any Governments which interfere actively to check the spread of Bolshevism outside their own borders. That godless political and social cult is as great a menace to the world's well-being as ever was the militant Moslem in the Spain of Isabella or the unspeakable Turk in more modern times.

The Evil of Pan-Germanism

SEEMINGLY it does not occur to the Fuehrer that his Pan-Germanic projects are also likely to disturb the world's peace if carried out to their logical conclusion. If the Reich is finally to embrace all human beings of German blood; if Nazi-ism is meant for export, and the German diaspora throughout the world is forced to adopt its views under pain of being boycotted and ostracized by official Germany, a fruitful source of disturbance is likely to be set up in many States, besides Austria, where Germans are to be found in large numbers. The Pan-Germans claim one hundred million Germans, including the sixty-seven millions in the Reich, in Europe alone—three millions in Czechoslovakia next door, fourteen millions in Belgium and Holland, likewise neighbours of the Reich, two millions in Switzerland, also a border State, and so on—whilst in the New World, besides the million and a half German immigrants in the United States, there are large numbers there of German descent, and considerable German "colonies" in South America. If pressure is put upon all these "foreign" Germans to put their Fatherland first in spite of all other loyalties, the political unity of numerous States will be shaken, and a condition of affairs established exactly parallel to that ascribed by the Nazis to the machinations of the international Jew. It would be a strange but just nemesis on the immoral Jew-baiting practised by Hitler's Germany if his race-folly resulted in Germans abroad being ultimately outlawed, because their Germanity prevented them from being loyal citizens! Although this racialism may grow

for a time in Europe, we do not think that the New World would long tolerate a fresh infringement of the Monroe doctrine of this particular kind.

A Change in the Cabinet

WE have no concern with the political aspect of the recent crisis in the National Government except in so far as it helps or hinders European appeasement. Mr. Chamberlain's position seems to be this—"Here are four Great Powers on whose accord peace depends. Two of them are dictatorships whose policies are in the last resort decided by one man. The other two are democracies governed by a Parliamentary Cabinet. The dictatorships will have nothing to do with the League of Nations: the democracies still feel themselves bound to consider the League as a means of peace through collective security. Are we to try to deal with the dictators through a body which they scorn and hate, or to approach them in ways in which they can be met? I think common sense suggests the latter course." If that really is the issue, and not something more complex, secret and personal, the plain man will side with the Premier, the more so that the supporters of the League as it is are tending more and more to the Left. The dictatorships, no less than the democracies, all need peace, relief from fear and from the growing burden of armament competition. Herr Hitler never makes a speech without expressing that necessity: Signor Mussolini has said: "Any measure of disarmament is better than none." Out of that common desire, the formation of a common plan of action should be feasible, and no devotion to a shattered ideal, such as the League has become, should hinder a statesman from attempting the practical.

The Poison of Bolshevism

WE do not count Russia as amongst the Powers whose concurrence is needed for European peace. Soviet Russia is an oriental despotism the entry of which into the already too secularist League hastened the moral deterioration of that body and has ever since rendered suspect even its beneficent activities. It is dying of poison administered by Stalin and Litvinoff, and we cannot wonder that Italy and Germany, although acting on merely political motives, refuse any longer to give countenance to a body in whose counsels

the Soviets have great weight. The absence of practical Christianity from the popular mind of Europe and the various secular Governments which reflect it, has been constantly demonstrated by their tolerance of a radically atheistic system which avowedly aims at undermining what is the only basis of all human authority—the will and wisdom of God, “by which Kings rule and lawgivers decree justice.” The evil fruits of that Satanic rebellion have been before the world for a score of years—the enslavement and murder of millions, the abolition of religion, the wholesale corruption of youth, the imposing of a worse than Tartar tyranny on the necks of a martyred people. Book after book is published in Europe by those who have felt and escaped from the Terror, but there is no general reaction amongst professed Christians, whilst the unbeliever in our midst rather welcomes the disappearance of what he considers the yoke of morality. A certain excitement has lately been caused by the announcement of a projected “Congress of the Godless” to meet in London in September next, and the Government is being urged to prohibit it as an instrument of Soviet propaganda. Such a prohibition would be perfectly justified, even only on the score of the risk to civil peace, but there is surely a greater danger in the permanent session in our midst of a number of prominent writers who flood the secular Press with anti-religious matter and generally advocate doctrines and practices subversive of Christian morality. Professors, scientists, journalists, “intellectuals” of all sorts, many of them belonging to that free-thinking body called the “Rationalist Press Association,” and all of them more dangerous because more plausible than the comparatively uneducated Bolshevik, form a permanent but unnoticed source of moral degeneration amongst us.

How to deal with the Irrational Rationalist

THE R.P.A. appeals for increased membership in a *Times* advertisement (February 11th) headed somewhat disingenuously “The Church Doctrine Report,” which gives the names of some of its chief supporters. It is noteworthy, in passing, that most of these names belong to writers who have been especially active in propaganda on behalf of Soviet Spain, showing how naturally the “free-thinker” merges into the atheist. But it has long been evident to the Christian that there is no reasoning with the rationalist, who flouts

the first principles of reason by doubting or denying the existence of God. In vain does the believer point to Soviet Russia or to anarchist Spain as the logical outcome of that denial. Only God's grace can open the eyes of the wilfully blind. But the Christian can help, and the only sure way to help is to *be* a Christian. The spread of militant atheism must be met by militant Catholicism, that active full-time profession of the Faith which uses its weapons first to conquer self. It is for that reason that the Cardinal Archbishop, in formally inaugurating the Lay Apostolate in his diocese—it had always, of course, been in uncorrelated operation—stressed the spiritual foundation of the movement, "the renewal or intensification of the Life of Faith," which has a firmer, sounder and more permanent basis than the Life of Reason, is fostered by devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and extended by the study of Catholic teaching. We have to show an indifferent and incredulous world, whose very longing for justice has led it wildly astray, that "all these things" will be found in the Kingdom of God. We were all enrolled in the Apostolate by the Sacrament of Confirmation, and it only remains to rekindle the grace with which that great Rite endowed us.

Counsel to be kept in mind

WE shall be judged, here and hereafter, by our works not by our professions, and, as the chief desire of man is for justice, for a full recognition of his primary rights as man, we must be scrupulously just in all our social relations, at whatever cost to our natural selfishness. Otherwise we have no right to call ourselves apostles. We trust that by this time the Cardinal's Advent Pastoral, "Brotherhood in Christ: its meaning and obligations," now published for a penny by the C.S.G., has found its way into Catholic hands everywhere, for it calls attention in the plainest terms to the social duties of the faithful, and to the deficiencies in current Catholic practice. These salutary admonitions should not be allowed to pass out of mind; at least until they become no longer necessary.

An Example to Employers from Abroad

IT is not our business to reiterate what has been so clearly and authoritatively stated. Nor would it be becoming in these pages to indicate in detail in what particulars improve-

ment is urgently needed. But we may, perhaps, point out, aided by an excellent and instructive article in our contemporary, *Blackfriars* (February, pp. 99 sqq.), called "La Bourgeoisie Chrétienne," what is being done in France to supply a defect in the social organization which is also conspicuous here. The article describes the development among French industrialists—the word extends, doubtless, to all employers of labour—of an association which began seven years ago in the north of France with a small group of five and a priest, and which, when in June, 1937, they were officially recognized by their diocesan as an integral part of Catholic Action, had grown in membership to two hundred and fifty with twelve "ecclesiastical assistants." Their primary object is to study in the light of Christian principles, the prevalent ways of conducting business, and thus to discover what changes in method and motive are necessary to bring them into harmony with Catholic belief. The paper tells us—and we commend it to all whom it concerns—what subjects came under investigation, and what headway has been made in the direction of clearing mind and act from the infection of self-concentrated economic liberalism, but we would rather dwell upon the way the association elected to grow. It determined to be an organism, developing according to conscientious conviction rather than in obedience to a fixed programme: it had for its chief aim the improvement or perfection of its own members and their class; it did not confine this amelioration merely to business relations; and finally it worked by personal and informal contacts. Seemingly its inspiration was the J.O.C., which similarly began in Belgium as a tentative group, learning by experience, and has developed into something international. This very promising enterprise, one must allow, provides a cap simply asking to be fitted on.

The Christian Revolution

WE have said that militant atheism must be met by militant Catholicism drawing upon its matchless spiritual armoury—"this is the victory, our Faith." Another way of expressing the same truth is—"Revolution must overcome revolution." It will take some time before Christian industrialists realize that, cost what it may, they must dissociate themselves from an economic system which has subordinated the dignity and destiny of the human soul to money-making.

Capitalism in many of its aspects has escaped from the control of morality; and the whole purport of that masterly analysis of the result, called "Quadragesimo Anno," which is denoted by its secondary title—On *reconstructing* the Social Order—is to put beyond any doubt the imperative need of rebuilding on the Christian lines of justice and charity the industrial edifice which, in the course of centuries, has morally collapsed. It would be worth while to set in parallel columns details of prevailing practices in industry with the corresponding moral principles which they violate: the contrast would be striking and, we hope, shocking. The individual immersed in this largely immoral system often cannot escape, and that is why, after the fashion of "La Bourgeoisie Chrétienne," Catholic employers should combine in as large groups as possible at least to consider what can be done. Why should there not be Catholic "cells" in the industrial body, operating yet more successfully than Communist?

Our Lady of the Annunciation

A DUAL life you now possess:
Your own and God's. We may but guess
What grace is yours who now enshrine
Man's Nature yoked with the Divine—
The Incarnation of God's Son,
That your redemptive fiat won.

You, fountain sealed of God's earth-life,
You, garth enclosed, divinely rife
With Heaven's sowing, whence shall spring
Fair bud and bloom, ordained to bring
At the divine appointed hour
Redemption to its perfect flower!

CHARLES J. QUIRK.

THE FLIGHT FROM REASON

THERE is an old debating theme which compares the rival claims of ideas and more material factors to have had the greater influence upon the development of man. A century or even half a century ago the ideas might have carried the motion with a handsome margin : to-day they would lose it just as handsomely. Those who still insist that the spiritual and mental is essentially superior to the material, will give the palm to the ideas. As long as man be regarded as the rational animal, endowed with powers of reasoning and thought, and able through those powers to transcend the present moment and to rise from the particular to universal truth and value, the ideas which are thought's product and activity, will be of greater moment. The record of civilization and culture might be called the adventure story of Mind in the strange land or forest of Matter. It is a tale of many triumphs and not a few reverses. But now that the adventurer Mind has penetrated into the depths of that forest, he seems to be losing heart, to be doubtful of his own powers and even of his mission, to be afraid of the uncanny atmosphere with which he finds himself surrounded.

The debating theme we may leave for those who like debating. Whatever they decide, it is interesting to seek a partial explanation of any age in the thought which forms its background. Last month I tried to show how the changing pagan philosophy of the first to third century A.D. provides just such a background for the development of Christianity.¹ The centre of interest was moving from the ethical to the religious. Writers turned from the consideration of human conduct to direct their attention towards a Supreme Principle or God. Emphasis was still placed upon virtue but not so much that man might realize the excellence of an ordered, rational life. Virtue came to be treated as a means rather than an end, as a method of detachment and purification which was necessary if man is to turn towards God. And God Himself is envisaged as completely transcendent, that is, as altogether removed from and having nothing to do with the created things which proceed from Him. With this there was

¹ THE MONTH, February, 1938, pp. 142—152.

the complementary doctrine that the human mind can attain to no sufficient rational knowledge of God : the final approach to God has to be sought in union or intuition. In a sense this is a flight from reason : not that reason is rejected or belittled but because in the last resort it has to be crowned by a non-rational or super-rational faculty.

There is a far more serious abandonment of reason to be found in a tradition of thought which has lasted to our own time. I do not mean that ours is an age of unreason. It may well be : and there are times when one is convinced that it is so. But then only rational beings have the privilege of behaving unreasonably. Nor do I mean that reason should be emphasized to the exclusion of every other human factor. Were that true, the perfect type of man might be the self-styled rationalist. Traditional thought, both ancient and Christian, has always given a pre-eminence to mind, to man's reasoning and judging faculty, and has insisted that in this faculty with that of choice or free will (in Christian thinking, of course, these are both rooted in a human soul) is to be found the essential superiority of man over the other creatures of this world. The modern revolt against reason consists in the assertion that intellect is not man's primary or most important aspect : it is made to yield its place to the intuitional, the emotional or the practical.

The standard of revolt is not, however, raised directly against the traditional views but rather against the peculiar position allotted to reason in what is generally termed modern philosophy, that is the teaching of philosophers from Descartes to Hegel. Therefore, in order that a brief account of the revolt may be given, it is necessary first of all to inquire what is the attitude of this modern thought. It is fairly easy to characterize ancient Greek and Christian philosophy. For the former the central idea is always that of the Universe. Its very name "*Kosmos*" shows that it was regarded as an ordered, systematized whole, in which the different elements, including Man, are united in a harmony. Occasionally it was considered as a living thing having immanent within it a World-Soul, as in the later Platonists, or a controlling, organizing principle or "*Logos*," to use the terminology of the Stoics. The harmony in question is never a chance or accidental one. It is due to a principle of order and of reason, though this is scarcely God in the Christian sense, since it is connected too substantially with the world. Now upon this

harmony is founded the solution of the all-important problem of knowledge. We know because we are associated with the objects which may be known, in a wide universe of harmony. There exists between our minds and these objects, as was at times stated explicitly, a kind of sympathy (not unlike that which is to be found in the body between eye and ear and hand), a hidden sensitiveness, almost a mild telepathy. "Like is known and only known by like" was a prevailing axiom, which Empedocles could interpret materially as meaning that we know the air and fire and water round about us by the earth and fire and water in our own composition, or Plato transform into the statement that we have kinship with the Ideal World of True Being, with the things that are in beauty and in goodness and in truth. Greek thought, like Christian thinking, is directed towards Being: it is ontological, it is objective: thought is only then possible when it is referred to an object. Even the ancient sceptic did not call in question this orientation of thought towards reality: he merely doubted man's capacity to grasp this reality as it in fact is.

Christian philosophy which is in many respects the heir to the Greek tradition, retains this objective character. But the central fact is no longer the universe but God, substantially separate from the world, its Cause and Providence and Purpose. Man is considered primarily in his relation to God, not to the world. He is essentially God's creature. God is Absolute, Subsistent Being: everything else is created (a notion rarely met with in the Greeks). The world was pre-fashioned in the Divine Mind and whatever comes to be, was a "possible" there before it had existence and a name. Creation is a transition from the "possible" to the "actual," dependent upon the Highest Will. The Christian thus attains a new conception of the order that is in things, very different from the Greek idea of harmony. This order springs from a transcendent God, comes into actualization through His Will and is redirected back upon Him as last goal and final end. All creatures, made by and for God, have a hidden orientation towards Him: man alone is conscious of this alignment and it is his task and duty to realize this throughout his life.

It is much harder to discover one general principle in what is known as modern philosophy. And yet there are some features which tell us unmistakably the path it will take, features which are curiously similar to those manifested in the Reformation. Stress is laid upon the independence and

autonomy of reason in the philosophical sphere, as in the religious it is placed upon the sovereignty of private judgment. Modern philosophy like Protestantism had a strongly marked negative aspect: it was a revolt against authority and tradition which showed itself positively as a demand for freedom. Philosophy was tired of her subordinate position as the "*ancilla theologiae*" in what she began to regard as an old-fashioned household, and wanted to set up a brave new apartment on her own. This meant a break with the old system, a rejection, gradual rather than instantaneous, of the old harmony which united man with God and even with Nature. The objective character of thought slowly dissolved. Thought became more and more subjective. Among non-Catholic Christians it is possible to trace from the Reformation a growing process of subjectivism: there is a similar development in modern thought.

As far as religion is concerned, the old harmony of God and Church and Man is partially destroyed by the formation of national Churches and of sects outside the unity of Christendom. With their exaltation of private judgment these sects and Churches contained within themselves the seeds of further disintegration. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have witnessed this process in the practical abolition of the Bible as a rule of faith through the supposedly higher criticism of the rationalists: through the attempt to free religion first from the miraculous and then from all dogma in order to base it on the still more subjective notion of religious, that is, emotional, experience: through the shifting of emphasis from faith to good works till faith in anything definite has been rendered superfluous: and finally we reach the scientific atheism of the nineteenth century and the humanitarian atheism of our own:—a process which might be described as one of increasing subjectivism which culminates in the abolition of the religious or even in the assertion of its opposite.

In philosophy the same tendency is apparent. And here it is in a sense more radical. Not only does man break with God, he breaks also with the universe in which he is. The old Christian harmony is lost, but there is no return to the pagan harmony of the Greeks, though this did manifest itself in the literary side of the Renaissance. Mind which has made its claim to freedom, pushes that claim beyond all due limit and pretends that it alone can determine its relation to the

world. The once objective world is not suffered to remain what it was before, an harmonious, significant thing, of which man is himself a part. For Descartes, though he was still considerably influenced by traditional thought, nature has been degraded to a mere extension in three dimensions. Its colour, magic and quality are erased with one stroke. Quality is reduced to quantity, this extended, uniform thing. Over and against matter or extension stands mind and it is on mind that he concentrates. The individual is placed in the centre and only the element of Mind or Consciousness is selected for emphasis. The fundamental thesis of modern philosophy is subjective, namely, that what is given primarily is just consciousness. This is the *point de départ*. And it is no far step to the assertion that all that is given, everything that has reality or at least can be known, is merely consciousness and the elements it contains. The question is: What is the relation of consciousness to Being? How can I, as it were, get out of myself, how transcend my subjectivity, how bridge the gulf between my mind and objective reality? It is the *problème du pont*, and most of those who deal with it will show themselves highly unsuccessful as bridge-builders. How can Subject come to Object? Subject and Object—these are the two poles between which the new systems are to rotate. The question is no longer as it was formerly, one of ontology: it is that of knowledge or, as it is often styled, of epistemology.

It is possible to distinguish various grades of subjectivism in schools that follow one upon the other. We may consider, as did the different English and French Positivists, the primary datum to be the "content of consciousness." We are conscious of sensations, feelings, desires and the like. These are contained in consciousness, are its "content." Knowledge, therefore, is simply an analysis of these data, an effort to explain them, not by reference to ultimate causes but through the laws of association. We must see how they are interconnected: that is all that can be expected of us. At first an objective world may be tolerated as the cause and ground of this sense-experience: but it has little value since it cannot be made the object of knowledge which is confined to the data presented to our mind. Later, this objective world will disappear and then nothing is left save what is present to consciousness. We have reached the "*esse est percipi*" of Bishop Berkeley. A second grade is that of Kant, postulated by him

to save the possibility of knowledge from the sceptical attacks of Hume. Man cannot know, he would grant, a world existing outside of himself. For Kant there may or may not be such a world. Students of his writings are not at one upon this point, but certain it is that the neo-Kantians will have none of it. But whether it exist or not, it can in no sense be made an object of thought. Man need not, however, despair. For Nature is no realm of substantial things but a constructed world of experience, that is formed and fashioned by certain indwelling or *a priori* forms in the human mind. This construction is no arbitrary one. The forms are there in every mind, are part of its mental equipment. A certain material is presented to the mind, whether on the plane of sensation or of thought, and upon this material the *a priori* forms impress a nature and a meaning more or less in the manner of a printing press which fixes its type upon the blank paper placed beneath it, or of a mould that gives shape to liquid metal. Thus whatever is of form and significance is put there by the formative action of mind, not—be it remembered—of the individual mind, free to construct as it may please, but of Mind as such, common to all men and endowed with these *a priori* categories. A third and last grade in which the summit of subjectivity is reached, is found in the post-Kantian idealists, Schelling, Fichte, Hegel and the neo-Hegelians. Here the constructive activity of mind runs riot. It spins for itself a spider's web which is its own world and this is all there is. The subject projects itself outwards and leaves what is only a shadow or aspect or moment of itself. And as its sole activity is that of thought, it is to thought that everything has to be reduced. Consciousness is absolute, consciousness is alone in solitary state.

It is against this one-sided philosophy of consciousness with its necessary subjectivism that the standard of revolt is established during the nineteenth century. There is a growing tendency to challenge mind's supremacy in the interest of other elements in man's being. From the materialist side it finds expression in the doctrines of Marx and the Socialists that mind is, in the last resort, only a subordinate manifestation of the "real" factors as they develop, or in the attempt of the evolutionists to explain away all spiritual elements as simply a means of defence or of adaptation to environment during the long process of man's evolution. Of greater importance, at least philosophically, is a movement of protest

against the pre-eminence of mind in the interest of the whole person or of man's physical and emotional nature. Several names might be considered: Dilthey and Yorke, for example, who endeavour to drag man down into the historical process and make him a purely historical, and therefore finite, being: this would deal with history, not science and metaphysics, as the true study of the philosopher; Bergson, for whom intelligence is a faculty for practical action, whereas reality can be grasped only by intuition; Scheler and Heidegger whose influence on present-day Germany is very decided. It might be possible to treat of some of them in a later article. For the moment it must suffice to refer to two writers who may with reason be regarded as the parents of this particular tendency. They are an ill-assorted couple: Kierkegaard, the Danish theologian, and Nietzsche, the anti-religious German. Positively they may appear to have little in common: but they are at one in their revolt against the brand of modern thought which culminated in Hegel.

Kierkegaard (1813—1855) is still little known in England. In Germany he has exercised a strong influence both on Protestant theologians and on philosophers. Of sensitive, introspective, almost morbid temperament, his "whole being and life made him the passionate opponent of Hegel and his system."¹ The Hegelian attitude is too theoretical for him. It becomes what he has termed "that ballet of bloodless spectacles" in which Christ is but "the speculative unity of God and man" and the world an æsthetic harmony. He would bring man back to a realization of his dignity and responsibility as a spiritual person, as an individual who must assert his rights in the face of society, public opinion and the will-less crowd. When he considers religion apart from the Christian revelation, God is regarded as immanent in the soul and man is conscious of his true position when he finds himself face to face with God. Then he understands that he has a personal destiny to fulfil. Longing to do this, he is haunted by dread: he trembles before the dignity and responsibility that is his. A man can escape from himself only by sinking downwards to become a mere unit in the crowd or mass. Even then he may be visited by despair, the punishment of one who knows that he has a spiritual destiny which he refuses through cowardice and fear, to face and to realize. Truth is subject-

¹ Theodore Haecker, "Søren Kierkegaard," p. 28. Oxford University Press. 1937.

tive, he will assert, but with a meaning quite different from that of the subjectivists we have considered. Truth resides, he would say, in my personal acceptance of what is presented to me. Only that merits the name of truth which is able to transform my life. Kierkegaard is interested in the moral effect of truth rather than in its correspondence with any object. The most that intellect can do is to give us an approximation to the facts. There remains always a residuum of uncertainty which can be dispelled only by faith.

When he turns to Christianity there is the same emphasis upon the person. His interpretation of the Incarnation is characteristic and curious. Christ is not so much the revelation of God as the proof that God never can be revealed. The Incarnation is the actualization of the Impossible, the Absolute Paradox. Christ is thus a challenge to the intellect, a stumbling-block across which the intellect by itself can never step. Man is faced with the alternative: he must believe or, taking offence, turn away. Even if he believe, his faith must be that not of an admirer but of a follower; so will his attitude be personal, accepting Christ as his model and making himself in humility like to Him. In the last resort faith must turn its back upon human reason: a man must abandon reason in order to believe and steel himself to leap into the unknown.

What is of moment in Kierkegaard is the absolute value he attaches to the notion of the person, and the idea of truth as something to affect and transform the individual life. His interests are mainly ethical and religious but he has had no small influence in other spheres. Theodore Haecker refers to his writings as "a break in the history of European thought which it is no longer so easy to bridge over," and would make that break consist in the shifting of the balance from the world of ideas to the person having those ideas.

All that the Scriptures, from beginning to end, understand by truth [he writes] is closer to Kierkegaard's conception of the whole being than to the impersonal and limited conception of European philosophy according to which truth is a relation between the thing and the conception or between reality and thought. . . The opening of the Old Testament reads: "In the beginning God created heaven and earth," and of the New Testament according to John: "In the beginning was the Word,"

and the whole order and course is from the person through the world of reality and possibility, of the real and of ideas, back to the person, and that not only for God but for man, the image of God. . . Whereas the order and procedure in European philosophy is the reverse of this and proceeds from the world through the person, who is but an empty relative point, back to the world: it goes from the objects, things, sensations, passing as quickly as possible over the subject, the self, the individual, back to the objects, things and sensations.¹

Like Kierkegaard, Nietzsche (1844—1900) is for the individual against the crowd. But unlike his predecessor, he views this individual not as a spiritual person but as an active, dynamic, physical organism. He too considers that philosophy has erred in placing so much stress upon the intellect. But he is more radical in his censure and goes behind Hegel and modern thought to pillory Plato as the arch villain under whose false guidance philosophy first took the wrong turning. If for the admiring Dante Aristotle is the "maestro di color che sanno," Plato is for the enraged Nietzsche the master of all those who have had no courage to look upon reality and have buried their heads in the sands of idealism. Following Plato's pernicious lead men have sought another realm of fixed ideas as a justification for, or an escape from, this world. Heraclitus who saw everything as a stream of ever-changing process, is for Nietzsche the one real thinker of the ancient world. And even he is blamed for denying that the senses give us an insight into the real. Nietzsche is on the side of sense experience as against reason. It is our minds that falsify everything, he insists, when they present to us the picture of a fixed and stable universe. The world appears to us to be logical, he would say, because we have first of all put the logic into it. What was commenced by Plato was carried further by Christianity with its notions of fixed principles and its sanction of another world. Away, therefore, with all fixed ideas and conceptions. At best they are just a superficial framework which we throw over the living current of reality for some practical purpose. He is conscious that what he is proclaiming is an *Umwertung aller Werte*, a standing of

¹ Haecker, "Søren Kierkegaard," pp. 25—27. Cf. also for an account of Kierkegaard in English, "Kierkegaard: His Life and Thought," by E. L. Allen.

previous values on their head, not only in the realm of morality but also in that of thought.

What is fundamental in man for him is not intellect or consciousness but the *Leib*, the living, active, physical organism. Consciousness is merely a superficial upper layer of this organism or its instrument. Each individual is a centre of power, a monad with its own outlook or perspective, whose task it is to grasp and control a portion of the stream of reality in which it is immersed. Each centre is active and in conflict with others: what harmony there may be is due to a certain balance which is the result of opposing strains. Each centre has its *Wille zur Macht*, but this is not conscious willing in our sense of that expression but the mere unfolding of power and force. The question Why? or Whither? is always secondary and really of no importance whatsoever. The principal query is Whence? From what source of power? And in the last resort it is the stream of reality itself which is manifest in the effort of the individual. Intellect and consciousness have to go and with them their last embodiment, namely, God. It is curious to find that modern philosophy from Descartes to Hegel, as also the theories of one of Nietzsche's many pet aversions, Rousseau, are deemed by him to be the offspring of Catholic theology.

It would be interesting to draw parallels between Nietzsche's condemnation of Christianity as *das deutsche Verhängnis* (the curse of Germany) and the neo-pagan developments of the past five years, as also between the charge he levels at the Christians of shunning and despising natural heroism and similar accusations that are made to-day. The points of contact are numerous, as are the differences. For the moment it must suffice to state that Nietzsche represents in a particularly virulent and radical manner that revolt against the long-established hegemony of mind and reason which we have at least begun to describe. It is a flight from reason, even reason's very denial. Its statements are remarkable enough. But what is still more significant is that it should have occurred at all.

JOHN MURRAY.

WITH GOETHE ON PILGRIMAGE

IN the famous chapel of St. Roch that crowns the height above the Rhine near Bingen hangs a very curious picture. It was presented to the chapel by Goethe as a memento of his pilgrimage to the great Rhenish shrine in 1814, and was painted at Weimar by a local artist in strict accordance with the poet's very individual ideas as to the portrayal of the central figure. The picture represents St. Roch dispensing charity, but in the place of the conventional bearded palmer whom we have come to associate with the Saint, we find a fairly recognizable portrait of Goethe himself. Strangely enough, too, it is not the Olympian Goethe of 1814, but the poet depicted at an age when he was composing the "Urfaust" and "Werther" in the gable-room of his father's patrician house at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

It was whilst staying with his friends the Catholic Brentanos that the poet made the pilgrimage that was to remain one of the sunniest memories of a long life, crowded with unusual and varied experiences. The gracious old Brentano house at Winkel still has its Goethe room with the Biedermeier furniture and the faded carpet garlanded with cabbage roses, whilst the long white façade of the "White Horse Inn" at Bingen is still adorned with episodes from the poet's life in delicate rain-washed colours.

In the most charming pages of his "Rhine Journey" Goethe describes his impressions of the great Rhenish pilgrimage. Happening to find myself in the Rheingau about the time of the feast of St. Roch, I thought it but common courtesy also to pay my humble meed of homage to the Saint who watches over that loveliest bit of the Rhine country. Also, I confess, I was curious to see whether after a century and more of change, progress and political upheavals, the feast was still being observed as in Goethe's day.

The pilgrimage dates back to the seventeenth century when the plague was reaping a grim harvest in the sunny Rheingau. The city fathers of Bingen pledged themselves in the name of their fellow-burgers to build on the Hesselberg a chapel in honour of St. Roch "for the averting of foul pestilence," also promising to make solemn pilgrimage there every year on the day of his feast.

The present graceful Gothic structure that forms a land-

mark for all the country round testifies to the fidelity with which that promise has been kept. For the handsome church, which only in deference to ancient tradition is still called a chapel, is the third to be erected on the same site. The first was destroyed by gunfire when the French used it as an observation post during their occupation of the Rhine, whilst the second, visited by Goethe soon after its consecration, was struck by lightning and burnt down in 1889.

The poet appears to have found much to interest him in his novel role of pilgrim. For one thing, the year 1814 was an historic one for the Rhine. During the twenty-four years of the French occupation, the famous procession had been prohibited on the ground that it might be made to serve as a camouflage for political activities. However, in one memorable year, as the poet records with obvious zest, the faithful took the law into their own hands, climbed the mountain by torchlight and said before the ruined chapel the prayers they had said in happier days. And as no steps were taken to disperse the assembly or punish the offenders, Goethe concludes that on this occasion authority had wisely and tolerantly looked the other way. His own lively intelligence and wide sympathies were, in any case, fully alive, not only to the historic nature of the festival he was privileged to attend, but also to its true and deeper meaning, for, as he says, it symbolized for the pilgrims "not only the liberation of the left bank of the Rhine but also the liberty to believe in signs and miracles."

The steep zig-zag path by which Goethe and his fellow-pilgrims climbed the hill was most certainly a more arduous one than the smooth and gentle slope by which the procession from Bingen passes to-day. However, that eternal scientific curiosity which was one of Goethe's dominant features to the end of his life helped in his case to mitigate the fatigues of an ascent which we may safely assume was not undertaken in a spirit of pure devotion. A curious rock formation at the foot of the mountain engaged his attention and was productive of mild geological thrills and speculations. For a space, at least, "the naturalist was diverted from the path of holiness."

The procession of to-day has remained very faithful to the old order of things and is typically Rhenish in its local colourfulness. There is a brass band and that lusty singing of the hymns that is such a delightful feature in German churches. The Saint's guard of honour precedes him, the

"Rochuscher" boys, attired as in Goethe's day in their traditional pilgrim's garb adorned with cockle-shells, each carrying a palmer's staff entwined with grapes and vine-leaves. Then comes the great baroque statue of St. Roch borne aloft on the shoulders of stalwart young men, the same statue on which Goethe's eyes rested, a little dazzled, too, perhaps, by the bright sunlight beating down on the surrounding vineyards. The Saint, when I saw him, was festally attired in a rich mantle of purple velvet lavishly trimmed with gold, whilst his palmer's staff, like those of his retinue, was almost hidden by luxuriant vine-leaves and great bunches of black and white grapes. For the feast of St. Roch, as it is celebrated in the Rheingau, serves a double purpose of thanksgiving and prayer, coinciding as it does with that brief respite in the vintner's long year of grinding toil, when God's blessing in morning mists and autumn sunshine is needed to bring his work to golden fruition. For a greater part of the way, the procession passed through the vineyards. At the little chapel of St. Joseph on the mountain-side, a halt was made, the monstrance was raised in benediction, and for a space in that vibrant sun-drenched stillness the Spirit of God seemed to rest on the vines.

Up on the height a joyous peal of bells heralded the arrival of the main procession and a Pontifical High Mass concluded with the old pilgrims' hymn sung by ten thousand voices.

After the religious ceremony was over, the social amenities of the day began. As in Goethe's time, we dispersed to the vast wooden shelters and tents that occupied the great open space behind the church, took our seats on long forms before white-scrubbed trestle-tables, and fell to with a hearty appetite and an honest Rhenish thirst. For everyone was drinking the wine of the country, to be strictly exact, the wine from our Saint's own mountain, for the barrel from which a jovial tapster was dispensing liquid sunshine was boldly marked in plain letters that all might read *Kempter Kapellenberg 1935*. And, yet another link with Goethe's day, I noticed that most of my neighbours were drinking their wine from the *Rochus-Dippchers* described by the poet, brown glazed mugs inscribed with the Saint's own name, which from time immemorial have been procurable only on the Rochusberg and only on August 16th. Beside me sat a little old countrywoman, bareheaded, bespectacled, scrupulously neat and clean in her best Sunday black. She was quite alone, and I found myself wondering about her men-folk and whether they

were all dead or just too busy to come. But the *Rochusfest* is essentially a joyous affair and having climbed the hill and said her prayers, this lonely old lady was munching the bread and cheese she had brought with her and drinking her *Dippcher* of *Kapellenberg* 1935 with obvious enjoyment.

Outside our tent, the scene resembled a vast camp at feeding time. Thrifty German housewives were frying sausages over their own camp-fires amidst much laughter, chatter and good-natured chaff. In such an atmosphere of kindly, homely conviviality, it was easy to understand how swift and warm had been Goethe's own response to much the same environment. For it was over just such a meal and in similar company that he, the non-Catholic, had heard for the first time the story of the Saint's life, the chief narrator being prompted and helped along by the rest of the company, each one adding his quota of emendation or elaboration as the case might be. Goethe's reflections reveal in this instance so profound an understanding of the spirit of Catholic legend that they seem well worth quoting here:

Here you got close to the true essence of the legend when it passes from lip to lip and from ear to ear. Contradictions there were none, though infinite shades of difference, which may be accounted for by the fact that each person views an episode and its incidentals from his own individual angle, whereby one and the same detail is now relegated to the background, now brought into prominence.

Many of the treasures preserved in the chapel were saved from the last fire, and again we are indebted to Goethe for at least a part of their history. After the secularization of St. Hildegard's foundation at Eibingen on the opposite bank of the Rhine, the entire furnishings of the convent church were offered for a nominal sum to the burghers of Bingen for their new chapel. When the time came for removing these treasures, the men of Bingen decided that this was a grand occasion to render their Saint a personal service in their own way. Altars, statues, shrines, and even pillars were carried down from the convent church up on the height beyond Rüdesheim on the sturdy backs of peasants and vintners. At the waterside it was the turn of the Rhine bargemen to take charge and ferry them across the river. On the left bank, a third contingent received the sacred objects and, bowed beneath their heavy burden, toiled "ant-like" in a long procession up the steep gradient of the Rochusberg. On discover-

ing that the roof of the sanctuary was built too low to accommodate the high altar, these resourceful folk immediately set to work to raise the walls of the apse. "And thus," says Goethe, "the Catholic advanced in years now kneels on the left bank of the Rhine before the same altar before which in his young days he prayed on the right."

Goethe's presentation picture, typical of the pseudo-classic school then so much in vogue, was fortunately saved from the fire of 1889 and now hangs in the little chapel of the south transept. The graceful youthful figure attired in a knee-length toga and a modish species of pilgrim's mantle is dispensing charity to suffering humanity embodied in two cherubic little boys. He is descending the steps of a marble courtyard, in the background of which the fountain of the legend is suggested by three lions' heads spouting streams of water into a Roman sarcophagus. Having come to the Rheingau by way of Frankfort, I had no difficulty in tracing a strong family resemblance between this attractive young man in the wide-brimmed hat and the Tischbein Goethe of the Roman Campagna that faces you on entering the Städelches Institut.

As a portrayal of a Saint the picture is frankly absurd; representing as it does one of Goethe's closest contacts with the Faith, it is, to me at least, strangely moving. The poet's attitude towards Catholicism will always remain a baffling problem to his Catholic readers. Here and there we have such startling flashes of intuition in the matter of essentials (one has only to recall the great passage on the Seven Sacraments in "Dichtung und Wahrheit"), together with a strange incapacity to view non-essentials from his usual Olympian standpoint.

But the man who climbed the Rochusberg in the well-worn trail of a Rhenish pilgrimage has nothing of the Olympian. Nor, for the matter of that, of the poet, ever responsive to the lure of colourful externals, nor of the intellectual who regards such spectacles as interesting survivals of local folk-lore.

Perhaps the Olympian habit of viewing things serenely from the summit made him occasionally myopic to his immediate surroundings. A man sometimes needs to get really close to things in order to view them in their right "perspective," and it was *on* the summit, not *from* the summit of the Rochusberg that Goethe got close enough to Catholic people and Catholic things to appreciate them, for that day at least, at something of their true worth.

E. CODD.

DO POLTERGEISTS INVADE THE TOMB?

ALBEIT I am a firm believer in the reality of poltergeists and in the impossibility of finding any natural explanation of their recorded activities, I must hesitate to return a directly affirmative answer to the question which is here propounded. We need more evidence, and also testimony of a rather better quality than seems to be at present available. The alleged cases of the disturbance of coffins in vaults are rare, and I am compelled in this article to confine myself, practically speaking, to four examples which were already discussed some thirty years ago by the late Mr. Andrew Lang. His paper was read before the Folk-Lore Society and afterwards printed in their Journal.¹ What Andrew Lang himself really thought about these and many kindred phenomena is not easy to say. He unquestionably believed whole-heartedly in the "Voices" of St. Joan of Arc, and anyone who reads his article on "Poltergeists" in the 1911 edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* would almost inevitably infer that he regarded these manifestations as proved, but in the Presidential Address which he delivered before the Society for Psychical Research in the same year he told his hearers, while referring to that very subject, that they had a sceptical President. But for the most part Mr. Lang confined himself to aiming mischievous shafts at the out-and-out sceptics and in particular at such adventurous theorists as Sir James George Frazer. It was quite in keeping with the character of his subtle irony that at the outset of his paper on displaced coffins Lang protested:

Though the dead are the sufferers in this affair (and also the actors, according to popular opinion) the sturdy Rationalist need not be nervous: I am not telling a ghost-story; a thing excommunicated (if there be evidence for it) by scientific folklorists. I must confess that a little historical research has been needed, and historical precision is sadly alien to anthropological methods.

The abnormal feature common to the four reported cases cited by Mr. Lang is the displacement of heavy coffins left in

¹ "Folk-Lore," Vol. 18 (1907), pp. 376-390.

a securely-closed vault. As we should expect, he does not overlook the well-known tendency to revive and renovate old stories by giving them a contemporary date and a familiar locality, but there is little indication that in any one of these instances an ancient saga has been remembered and modernized. One point which I am able to contribute to the available evidence is the fact that the case at "Staunton"¹ in Suffolk, referred by Lang and others to the year 1815, is really more than half a century older. It appeared first in a short letter sent by a correspondent who does not sign his name to "the Author [sic] of the 'London Magazine,'" and was there printed in the number for July, 1760. In the table of contents on the outer page, the occurrence is referred to simply as "a surprizing phenomenon." From "The London Magazine" it was copied into the "Annual Register" for 1760, and many years later the same statement was resuscitated without altering a word, in the "European Magazine" for 1815. The letter runs as follows:

At Staunton, in Suffolk, is a vault, belonging to the family of the French's. On opening it some years ago, several leaden coffins, with wooden cases, that had been fixed on biers, were found displaced, to the great astonishment of many of the inhabitants of the village. It was afterwards properly closed, and the coffins again placed as before; when, about seven years ago, another member of the family dying, they were a second time found displaced; and two years after they were not only found all off the biers, but one coffin, as heavy as to require eight men to raise it, was found on the fourth step that leads into the vault. Whence arose this operation, in which, it is certain, no one had a hand?"

To this is appended what is presumably an editorial comment in this form:

N.B. It was occasioned by water, as is imagined, though no signs of it appeared at the different periods of time that the vault was opened.

From this, the earliest, I may pass to the latest of the four specific cases which have attracted attention. This also is

¹ "Staunton" is now more commonly spelt Stanton. There are many villages of this name, but that which is here clearly indicated is Stanton All Saints about nine miles N.E. of Bury St. Edmunds.

² "The London Magazine," July, 1760, p. 371.

English and is equally free from any trace of an effort after sensation. It was communicated to "Notes and Queries" in 1867, by Mr. F. A. Paley, the well-known classical scholar, and incidentally a Catholic, though I am not sure whether he had been received into the Church at that date. The name which he spells Gretford seems now more commonly to appear in gazetteers as Greatford. It is in the extreme south of Lincolnshire, about six miles N.E. of Stamford, and in the Fen country. "Notes and Queries" printed Mr. Paley's letter with this heading :

DISTURBANCE OF COFFINS IN VAULTS

I beg to add an instance which occurred within my own knowledge and recollection some twenty years ago in the parish of Gretford, near Stamford, a small village of which my father was the rector. Twice, if not thrice, the coffins in a vault were found on reopening it to have been disarranged. The matter excited some interest in the village at the time, and, of course, was a fertile theme for popular superstition ; but I think it was hushed up out of respect to the family to whom the vault belonged.

A leaden coffin is a very heavy thing indeed ; some six men can with difficulty carry it. Whether it can float is a question not very difficult to determine. If it will, it seems a natural, indeed the only explanation, of the phenomenon to suppose that the vault had somehow become filled with water.

I enclose an extract from the letter of a lady to whom I wrote, not trusting my own memory as to the details of the case :

Penn, Oct. 15.

I remember very well the Gretford vault being opened when we were there. It was in the church and belonged to the . . . family. The churchwarden came to tell the rector, who went into the vault and saw the coffins all in confusion : one little one on the top of a large one and some tilted on one side against the wall. They were all *lead*, but of course cased in wood. The same vault had been opened once before, and was found in the same state of confusion, and set right by the churchwarden, so that his dismay was great when he found them displaced again. We had no doubt from the situation and nature

of the soil, that it had been full of water during some flood which floated the coffins.¹

There can be no question, of course, that given an adequate cubic capacity, a watertight lead coffin can float, just as an ironclad can float. In "The Gentleman's Magazine" for 1751, and in other contemporary journals, a striking case was recorded of a leaden coffin which was picked up at sea after it had been buried in the Goodwin Sands. And Lieut-Commander R. T. Gould, who mentions this, also refers us to a more modern example of coffins floating in the vault beneath Edgware parish church.² On the other hand, apart from the movement which might be imparted by something like a current or stream—and this is difficult to imagine in the confined space of a vault—one would expect that a coffin which had been lifted as the water rose would quietly sink back into almost the same position as the flood gradually subsided. Still, there is nothing very startling or inexplicable in the two English cases just referred to. They are interesting as pointing the way to an easy solution of similar disturbances, and we have no occasion, so far, to invoke a *deus ex machina* in the shape of a poltergeist.

The real difficulties begin with a story which is very well attested, though it is now more than a hundred years old and comes from the island of Barbados on the other side of the Atlantic. It has been told in many books, sometimes in an unconvincingly melodramatic form and often with inconsistencies as to names and other details. On the other hand, so shrewd an investigator as Mr. Andrew Lang, after much painstaking research, found himself unable to provide an adequate explanation.

The earliest printed account of the Barbados trouble seems to be that contained in Sir J. E. Alexander's "Transatlantic Sketches," 1833, which runs as follows:

It is not generally known that in Barbados there is a mysterious vault, in which no one now dares to deposit the dead. It is in a churchyard near the seaside. In 1807 the first coffin that was deposited in it was that of a Mrs. Goddard; in 1808 a Miss A. M. Chase was placed in it; and in 1812 Miss D. Chase. In the end of 1812 the vault

¹ "Notes and Queries," 3rd Series, Vol. XII, p. 371. (November 9, 1867.)

² See his book entitled "Oddities," in which the whole question is discussed in detail, and in particular pp. 64—65.

was opened for the body of the Hon. T. Chase; but the three first coffins were found in a confused state, having been apparently tossed from their places. Again was the vault opened to receive the body of an infant, and the four coffins, all of lead, were discovered much disturbed. In 1816 a Mr. Brewster's body was placed in the vault, and again great disorder was apparent in the coffins. In 1819 a Mr. (*sic*) Clarke was placed in the vault, and, as before, the coffins were in confusion. Each time that the vault was opened the coffins were replaced in their proper situations, that is, three on the ground, side by side, and the others laid on them. The vault was then regularly closed; the door (and a massive stone which required six or seven men to move) was cemented by masons; and though the floor was of sand, there were no marks of footsteps or water.

The last time the vault was opened was in 1819. Lord Combermere was then present, and the coffins were found confusedly thrown about the vault, some with the heads down and others up. What could have occasioned this phenomenon? In no other vault in the island has this ever occurred. Was it an earthquake which occasioned it, or the effects of an inundation of the vault?

This account, in spite of a few slight errors, is substantially correct and so far as regards the dates of the interments there are contemporary documents to confirm it. At the time when Mr. Andrew Lang was investigating the matter he had a brother-in-law, Mr. Forster Alleyne, who was a resident in Barbados. Mr. Alleyne interested himself in the inquiry, and he was eventually able to unearth an autograph report of the final opening of the tomb on April 18, 1820—Sir J. Alexander wrongly dates it 1819—in the presence and by the direction of the Governor, Lord Combermere. This report was drafted by the Hon. Nathan Lucas, who was present with the Governor on the occasion, and he or another of the party made a sketch of the disorder in the vault. Mr. Lucas's MS., with the sketch, is now preserved in the Public Library of Barbados, and from this a Church of England publication, "The Barbados Diocesan History" (1928) has reproduced, unfortunately on a very small scale, the drawings both of the position of the coffins when the vault was closed after the

¹ Sir J. E. Alexander in "Transatlantic Sketches," Vol. I, p. 161.

interment of Thomasina Clarke on July 7, 1819, and of the confusion in which they were found on April 18th of the following year. It is interesting to note that the Mr. Nathan Lucas to whom we owe this first-hand information regarding the final opening of the vault was the maternal grandfather of Charles Kingsley, the assailant of Newman and author of "Westward Ho!" Lucas must have been a rather elderly man at the time, for he had been a guest (presumably as an adult) on board the "Formidable" when Sir George Rodney, on April 12, 1782, fought his victorious action against the French in the Saintes passage.¹

Whether the exact text of Lucas's memorandum has been anywhere printed I am unable to say, but one can hardly be mistaken in supposing that the account which appears in "The Barbados Diocesan History" and which depends throughout on local records, must have made full use of this manuscript to which it expressly calls attention. Anyway, in that work the editors in their notice of Christ Church refer as follows to the matter with which we are now concerned :

In the churchyard is to be seen the famous vault belonging to the Hon. Thomas Chase. On three occasions when the vault had been opened for the burial of a member of the family it was found that the coffins had been moved from their places. Lord Combermere, the Governor of Barbados, hearing these stories, determined personally to investigate the matter for the satisfaction of his own curiosity as well as to prevent any disturbance among the people. On the next occasion of an interment, that of Thomasina Clarke on July 7, 1819, Lord Combermere attended the funeral, and on the vault being opened, the coffins for the fourth time were found to be disturbed. The Governor had floor and walls sounded, and after setting the coffins in their place, the floor was covered with white sand. The vault was carefully closed with cement, and the seal of the Governor affixed in several places, while many of those present made their own marks. Various theories were put forth, but the curiosity, instead of abating, grew. After being sealed for nine months and eleven days, permission was given by the Governor to have the vault again opened. In the presence of many thousands on April 18, 1820, the seal marks and

¹ See "The Barbadian Diary of General Robert Haynes" (1934), p. 51.

the outside of the tomb were all found intact. The masons had difficulty in getting the slab of the doorway removed, for an immense leaden coffin was resting against it on the inside. It was a leaden coffin which required seven men to lift it, and yet it had been moved into this position and no mark had been made upon the sanded floor. The other coffins to the number of five or six were scattered about.

During all this period, from 1803 to 1833 to be precise, the rector of Christ Church parish was a certain Thomas Harrison Orderson, D.D. Entries regarding the interments in the vault, each individually signed by him, are apparently still preserved, but besides this he seems to have drawn up a summary account of the disturbances observed in the position of the coffins on all the later occasions when the vault was opened. No original in his own handwriting seems to be in existence, but there are several early copies which do not exactly agree, apparently either because he himself wrote out the list more than once with variations of his own, or because the copies have been carelessly made. There is one example in which his own name appears, we are told, as Anderson. Though the sceptic may fasten on such a detail and find in it justification for rejecting the whole story as a fraud, the mistake is easily explained. In "The Barbadian Diary" of Robert Haynes I find, under date 30 July, 1805, the entry: "Hamlet accompanied my three sons, Richard, Robert and George, under the charge of Mr. Aughterson, to school in England." Aughterson is unquestionably Orderson, though the writer must have known him well, but others may have spelt it Auderson, and to read Auderson as Anderson, is the easiest thing in the world. However this may be, here is the text of one of the copies of what claims to be Dr. Orderson's memorandum.

31 July, 1807. Mrs. Thomasin Goddard was buried in the vault, which, when opened to receive her, was quite empty.

22 February, 1808. Mary Ann Chase [an infant] daughter of the Hon. Thomas Chase, was buried in the same vault in a leaden coffin. When the vault was opened for the infant, the coffin of Mrs. Goddard was in its proper place.

6 July, 1812. Dorcas Chase was buried in the same

vault, and the two first coffins were in their proper places.

9 August [1812]. The Hon. Thomas Chase was buried in the same vault. Upon its being opened, the two leaden coffins were removed from their situation, particularly that of the infant, which appeared to have been thrown from the corner where it was placed to the opposite angle.

25 September, 1816. Samuel Brewster was removed from the parish of St. Philip, and was buried in the vault, and great confusion was discovered among the leaden coffins.

7 July, 1819. Thomassin Clarke was buried and much confusion among the coffins.

18 April, 1820. The vault was opened in the presence and at the request of His Excellency Lord Combermere, and the gentlemen of his staff, namely, the Hon. N. Lucas, R. B. Clarke, and R. Cotton, Esqrs.

The coffins were in great disorder, some turned upside down. The coffin of one of the children was on the steps which led to the bottom of the vault.

This copy was in the possession of Mrs. De Morgan, the wife of Augustus De Morgan, the mathematician, and mother of William De Morgan, artist, inventor and novelist. She printed it in "The Spiritual Magazine" for December, 1860, adding comments of her own, from which we learn that the vault was quite a small chamber only 12 feet by 6½ feet, which "had been formed by hewing through the flinty rock." She adds that "its only approach was by a door or opening, from which steps led down to the bottom." This information she seems to have obtained from the Orderson manuscript. On the other hand, she is clearly making a comment of her own when she remarks: "It is a strange coincidence that the disturbance first followed on the interment of Dorcas Chase who is said to have starved herself to death," and she adds that Col. Thomas Chase also died by his own hand, though she expressly mentions that the allegation that these two, father and daughter, committed suicide had been added in the Orderson memorandum in a writing which was not that of the original copy.

So far as I have yet been able to discover, this notice by Mrs. De Morgan in 1860 contains the earliest mention of these suicides, but in the notes apparently contributed by Everit M. Cracknell to the "Barbadian Diary of Robert Haynes"

(1934), occurs the remark: "Following the burial of Dorcas Chase and of her father Samuel [*sic*], a harsh parent and a cruel slave-owner, strange happenings occurred." From the contents of this privately printed little volume one gathers that the editor is likely to have had access to information regarding the contemporaries of Robert Haynes, a Barbadian who kept a journal from 1787 to 1836.¹ In the face of the very definite and consistent statements which are preserved concerning the displacement of the coffins on five separate occasions it is not easy to suppose that we have nothing here but the echo of old wives' tales circulating among a superstitious negro population. On the other hand, the suggestion that a vault at some height above sea-level could be repeatedly flooded without anything to betray the presence of water seems difficult to accept, especially if it is true that no disturbance occurred before the first suicide was deposited there, that is to say, for the five years between 1807 and 1812.² In any case the recurrence of a series of earthquakes which moved the coffins but otherwise passed unnoticed is altogether out of the question.

For yet one other recorded example of a similar disturbance we have to turn to the Island of Oesel, now called Saare Maa. It is situated in the Baltic, and though formerly included in the Russian dominions, belongs at present to Estonia. It has one town, Ahrensberg, and there a cemetery, adjoining a main thoroughfare, displays facing the road some rather pretentious private vaults. One of these, belonging to the Buxhöwden family, was, in the year 1844, the scene of mysterious happenings closely resembling those at Christ Church, Barbados, which have just been narrated. Attention, however, was directed to the matter in this case by horses tethered in the road near by, which became perfectly frantic when some kind of loud crash seemed to proceed from the tomb in question. This occurred more than once and particularly on an occasion when one of the family was about to be interred in the Buxhöwden vault. On opening the subterranean chamber the coffins were found in great disorder, not only scattered but lying in some cases one upon another. Only three were un-

¹ Already referred to above: only fragments, unfortunately, seem to have been preserved.

² It must be remembered, however, that if there were only one or even two coffins in the vault a change of position might easily pass unperceived. It is only when they get thrown about in disorder or piled on one another that much notice would be taken.

disturbed, one that of a very devout old lady, and two others of young children. Considerable popular excitement not unnaturally resulted, and it was thought desirable to appoint a commission to investigate the matter. A local magnate, Baron von Güldenstubbe, was appointed president, and among others who took part were the Lutheran bishop—the majority of the islanders were Lutherans, not Greek Church—the burgomaster, one of the syndics and a physician. The coffins were replaced in proper order, the pavement taken up to make certain that there was no subterranean means of ingress, the floor and steps covered with fine ashes, a guard of soldiers set which kept watch during the night as well as in the daytime, and at the end of three days the vault was again opened. According to the writer of the only available account, the condition of things was even worse than before :

Not only was every coffin, with the same three exceptions displaced, and the whole collection scattered in confusion, but many of them, weighty as they were, had been set on end, so that the head of the corpse was downward. Nor was even this all. The lid of one coffin had been partially forced open, and there projected the shrivelled right arm of the corpse it contained, showing beyond the elbow.¹

No trace of any footstep was to be discerned upon the ashes spread for the purpose of detecting intruders, and nothing in or about the coffins had been carried away. On the other hand, subsequent inquiry showed that the dead man whose arm was thrust out had died by his own hand.

The matter [says Mr. Owen] had been hushed up at the time through the influence of the family, and the self-destroyer had been buried with the usual ceremonies, but the fact transpired and was known all over the island, that he was found with his throat cut and the bloody razor still grasped in his right hand.

This would be a very thrilling story if only it were a little better attested. Mr. Dale Owen declares that he heard it in Paris in 1859 from the lips of Mlle von Güldenstubbe, the daughter of the Baron who presided over the inquiry, and that the facts were subsequently confirmed by her brother. Ap-

¹ R. Dale Owen, "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World" (1861), p. 191.

parently the family took the decisive step of burying the coffins separately, after which no further trouble was experienced. We are also told that the commission drew up a formal report of the proceedings which was lodged with the Lutheran Consistory, but in 1899, when Count Perovsky-Petrovo-Solovovo, a well-known member of the English Society for Psychical Research, wrote to Riga to make inquiries it was alleged that no such document could be found. On the other hand, at a later date Count Solovovo did obtain from a member of the Buxhöwden family a definite assurance that the sensational episode of the coffins was still remembered in Oesel and that many of the islanders professed to know that an official report had been drawn up. This, no doubt, is not very satisfactory, but it is sufficient to persuade us that Mr. Dale Owen at any rate was not merely romancing.

HERBERT THURSTON.

The Lost Eden

COULD we but see,
As once a woman saw, in Earth's first spring,
The white-crowned glory of the apple tree,
Ere yet its fruit were plucked for savouring,
Then to our mortal eyes were vision given
Of earth with Angels' sight—and earth were heaven.

Could we but hear
The throstle's note at dawn, as once they heard,
Who watched o'er Eden's trees the light appear,
Hailed by the quivering rapture of a bird,
Then were our ears attuned to catch the strain
Wherewith the Seraphim make sweet refrain.

Ah! could we know
Love in its utterness, undimmed by all
That human need has craved or sought to show,
Since clay first held the spirit in its thrall,
Then wert Thou here, O Lord, again to tread
The garden-ways wherefrom Thy children fled.

C. M. F. G. ANDERSON.

THE ALL-INDIA EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

AT the end of last December the first Indian National Eucharistic Congress was held in Madras. The tendency is to dismiss this as just another example of one of the most striking phenomena in the Church at large to-day, and to regard it as a kind of minor edition of the world Eucharistic Congresses to which we are becoming accustomed. But in many ways the recent Congress at Madras was an event of outstanding importance in the Church in India. True, the meeting, judged by the standards of World Congresses, was on the small side. But more could not be expected, for World Congresses are held in lands largely Catholic: that at Madras was held in a land predominantly pagan. That fact alone would make this occasion memorable: that such a public act of Catholic worship could even be conceived, let alone staged, in a country where out of 360 millions only just over 3 millions are Catholic, is a remarkable feat. But there are much greater lessons to be learned from Madras than that of the courage and energy of the promoters of the Congress. And it is of one or two of these that we intend to treat here.

Rightly to appreciate the lessons of Madras we must first get the background clear: and for this the first necessity is to realize the lack of cohesion in India. It is so easy to talk of "India" and the "Indians," and then begin to think of the country as a single unit. But we might just as well think of Europe and Europeans as a single unit. In Europe there is a certain unity derived from the ancient Catholic culture that made Europe, but apart from that, it would be very difficult to discover any effective unity to-day. The same is true, largely speaking, about India; there, there is a certain unity derived from their common religious culture, but apart from that there are groups just as divergent from and antagonistic to one another as we find to-day in Europe. To get the right background for the Madras Congress it is of prime necessity to realize this.

To racial differences must be added another factor militating against unity in India, and that is the existence of Caste.¹

¹ The whole question of Caste as an obstacle to the spread of the Faith is discussed fully in *THE MONTH*, September, 1927—"The Missionary Problem of Caste," by L. Lacombe, S.J.

Sentimentalists, who look at India and everything Indian through rose-coloured glasses, sometimes compare the class divisions in the West to the caste system of India. In the West, however, class is not something fixed, as is caste; a man and his family can move from class to class as he goes up or down the social scale; in the East a man is born into a caste and in that caste he and his family will have to live for ever, with no chance of escape. And if he be born into a low caste then his lot is very hard indeed. For such a one can have no social communication with his brethren of a higher caste; often he is not allowed to use the common wells; practically speaking he can make no use of Government schools; he cannot even enter the temples to worship; his touch or even his very presence pollutes those of higher castes. At present these Depressed Classes, who number about 60 millions (or between one-quarter and one-fifth of the Hindu population), are beginning to cry out against their lot. Partly for political reasons they have been granted some alleviation and in certain places the temples have been opened to them. But the forces of prejudice are proving too strong: the result is that at present they are looking for a religion that will receive them and treat them as human beings. As to the possibility of winning them over to the Church we cannot at the moment speak. But to have a true picture of Indian life we must take account of caste, for it is an essential of the Indian background.

This, then, is the state of affairs amidst which the Church has to carry on her mission: racial antagonism complicated by caste antagonism. In the West Catholics of various nations find little difficulty in worshipping together; at a Eucharistic Congress in Europe or at a pilgrimage at Lourdes the fact that Catholics from all over Europe mix freely causes no surprise or comment. But that is far from being the case in India. This is not to belittle Indian Catholics or to suggest that they have not the true spirit of Catholicism or Christian charity. But lack of co-operation is one of the great drawbacks to the spread of Catholicism there, and effective corporate action is not easily come by. This is almost inevitable from the ideals that prevail in general in India. For the whole structure of pagan social life rests on a basis of caste, with its consequent uncharity and refusal to hold humane intercourse with certain fellow-members of society. Now Catholics are only a very small minority in India; they

are hemmed in on all sides by a pagan environment. Even though they have absorbed Catholic teaching they still have to live in a society that raises exclusiveness to a virtue. Thus it is inevitable that to some extent they should be infected and that one of the greatest obstacles against which the Church has to strive is a narrowness of outlook approaching parochialism. If only this spirit could be exorcized from our Catholics, then the Church would be able to make her influence felt, and her chances of spreading would be increased a hundredfold. And until it is exorcized there is small hope that the Church will ever really flourish.

From this point of view the Congress at Madras is an event of highest promise for the future. It was an ALL-Indian Congress. For the first time the Catholics of India have combined in a common effort; they have experienced the possibility and the effectiveness of joint action. And that is a good omen for the future. Anyone would have been derided who had seriously suggested that in some secular sphere of action Tamil and Goan and Malayale, Eurasian and European should unite and work harmoniously together. Yet to Madras came pilgrims from all over India; they differed in race, in language, in rite. High caste and low caste knelt and worshipped together and realized their kinship in the Catholic Church. That perhaps is the most outstanding lesson of Madras.

The second point to note about this Congress is that it was an INDIAN one. India is a country with a culture far older than that of many Western countries. When, for example, our woad-painted ancestors were roaming the woods with only the veriest traces of civilization, India had a civilization and had had one for centuries. A culture that has eaten its way for thousands of generations into the lives and traditions of the people of India is not something lightly to be set aside. The West is certainly far more advanced in material civilization than the India of to-day. But the East is a place where material values are not held in very high esteem. Some at first may have been blinded by the display of the material power of the West; but the evils attendant on the West's material outlook are there for all to read, and India has read. No one, then, who has the interests of India at heart could contemplate the throwing over of such a culture: purged of its pagan elements it has so much that suits the Indian temperament; to ask them to forgo it and share our Western culture, and that at a time when it itself is in the melting pot,

would be sheer madness. Yet only too often the Church is regarded by Indians as something essentially Western and hence alien and destructive of India's true greatness. It is, therefore, suspect not only by hot-headed anti-British agitators, but even by the saner element that has true Indian independence at heart.

The present political temper of the country makes this misconception all the more devastating. India is crying out for independence, or at least for a very large measure of self-determination in her own affairs. All over the country, especially among the educated younger generation, the determination not to be dictated to by the West is hardening. Hence, a religion preached by Western missionaries, a Church ruled in India by Western bishops, is anathema even to moderates who realize that India's true well-being is bound up with her incorporation in the British Empire. It is, therefore, vitally important that it should be realized that the Church in India is not something alien, not a weapon of Western aggression or even of Western civilization, but that membership is compatible with true loyalty to India and to the healthier elements of her ancient culture.¹

In this respect the Congress at Madras can have done nothing but good. In the various speeches made and papers read this idea was continually harped on. "We should make Indians realize that Catholicism is not alien in any land," as Bishop Roche, S.J.—himself an Indian—said. Or as the Bishop of Vizagapatam put it: "As a declaration of principle, let me repeat once more, that we Catholic missionaries are not 'international meddlers'; we let politics alone. We do not stand here to satisfy a 'racial superiority complex,' nor are we the forerunners of trade and capitalism. . . We give with pleasure to all our Indian friends the assurance that we are not out to Westernize Indians. . . India has become our motherland, our home, where we mean to live and die. . . We love her. . . Christ is Indian as well as European." But far more effective than any words of bishops, Indian or European, in breaking down this particular prejudice was the *personnel* of the Congress. In the first place there were present and

¹ A welcome realization of this fact may be quoted from a recent issue of an indigenous paper—*The Indian Social Reformer*—"Christianity in India is not a foreign religion. Next after Hinduism, Buddhism and Jainism, it is the religion which has had the longest history in this country. The fear sometimes professed that Christianity will meet with short shrift in self-governing India, is an interested invention for the most part."

taking leading parts, a great number not only of Indian priests but also of Indian bishops. The present Holy Father is pushing on the indianization of the Church in India as quickly as is compatible with prudence. Wherever a portion of the country can provide itself with enough indigenous priests, it is erected into an Indian diocese, completely staffed by Indians under an Indian Bishop. The result is that at present there are three Indian Archbishops and nine Indian Bishops; and the number of Indian-manned dioceses is growing, whilst the various seminaries are full of Indian students for the priesthood. The sight of these prelates and priests on terms of absolute equality with their Western brethren must have gone a considerable way towards making the Church lose her aspect of a Western importation. Moreover, a glance at the names of the authors of the papers read at the Congress shows that a great deal of the work was in the hands of the Indians themselves. This at a time when legitimate national aspirations are growing must inevitably produce a very effective counterblast to the gibe that becoming a Catholic means becoming less of a true Indian.

This stressing of the indianization of the Church is understandable, and it is also quite lawful so long as nationalism and religion are not intermixed. In some parts of the country and among some Protestant sects, there is a very real danger of a kind of hybrid Indian-Christianity arising, a preaching of an Indian rather than a universal Christ. Of course, there is always a greater danger in India of sects and schisms than in the West. But in the Church there seems no need, despite the most earnest desire to see as complete an indianization of the Church as possible, to apprehend any danger of this sort. And loyalty to the Holy See was very evident at Madras. The welcome given to Mgr. Kierkels, C.P., the Delegate-Apostolic to the East Indies and Papal Legate to the Congress, voices the spirit of Indian Catholics: "This Congress forges one more link in the golden chain that binds the Church in India to the Holy and Apostolic See of Rome."

The advertising value of the Congress cannot be overlooked. The world over, ignorance is one of the Church's greatest enemies; and this is as true in India as elsewhere. Many of India's millions have never spoken to a priest, or had the chance to, or even seen a priest. Thus the difficulty of overcoming this ignorance is acute and made more acute by the shortage of clergy. On paper the staffing of the

Church looks very well—about one priest to every thousand Catholics. But the thousand Catholics are not grouped round the presbytery; many of the parishes may be thousands of square miles in area; this is true more especially of the north of India where the Church is not so strong and here the distances are immense. But all over India practically the priest is terribly overworked even in looking after his Catholics, to say nothing of his missionary enterprises. Thus it is not surprising that among the millions in India there is a colossal ignorance of what the Church and Catholic teaching are. That ignorance can only be effectually remedied by the multiplication of priests, preferably Indian ones who will more easily be able to understand the Indian mentality and to appreciate their difficulties, their mental and social background, and the heroic courage it may require for an Indian to cut himself off from his caste with its consequent ostracism. Nor is ignorance the only bar to conversion: misconception is almost as strong. Granted that a pagan does come across some Christian preacher, and that he does wish to get to know something of Christianity, to whom is he to go for truth? Among so many Protestant sects all teaching what they profess to be Christianity and all at variance with each other, the poor pagan does not know where to turn. No wonder then that there is so much darkness, so many weird views of Christianity. Hence anything that helps to advertise the Church and her teachings is a very definite gain. Putting things at their lowest, Madras was a first-class advertising campaign.

Perhaps one of the most surprising events connected with the Congress was the sending of a message of welcome from Pandit Jawaharal Nehru—the President of the Indian Congress—to the Papal Legate, and his request to the Prime Minister of Madras “to represent us in this matter and to convey our welcome to the Papal Legate.” India is going through the birth-throes of a new political regime, whereby the Indians will have a much greater say in the management of their affairs than heretofore. This is not without very distinct dangers to the Church. For the Indians have not yet been educated to selflessness in public life nor to the idea of service for the sake of the community. This is not to condemn all public men nor to suggest that all of them enter public life for solely selfish ends. But it is a fact that minorities are apt to fare badly at the hands of their more powerful neighbours when these receive any authority. And

the Church is very much of a minority in India. May this message prove an omen of the future relations between Indian national leaders and the Church. It may be that they are beginning to realize that Catholicism is no alien religion in their land, as some of their leaders have taught in the past. Thoughtful Indian reformers are coming more and more to the realization that the solution of many of India's problems must be sought on the spiritual plane and that mere economic and political changes are powerless to raise the Indian masses from their very real and very dreadful poverty. As one prelate said at the Congress: "The best way to give India more bread is to give her Christ." So often does material amelioration run counter to Indian customs, social and religious. In many ways there can be no hope for India even naturally, until there is the change of heart that Christianity alone can give. If this message of Nehru shows that he has even a glimmering of this idea, then the Congress at Madras, if it occasioned nothing else, was a glorious success.

And that brings us to our last point: the fact that the Congress was not primarily a parade of power and numbers and unity, but a Eucharistic Congress. The East may love gorgeous shows and pageantry; many pagans no doubt were attracted by this side of the work at Madras. But what the East really respects is spirituality; more prestige is lost by Europeans by their lack of spirituality than in any other way. The two-mile-long procession on the last afternoon in which over a thousand priests took part, was witnessed by dense crowds of pagans. Whatever they thought of Catholicism they cannot but have been impressed by the prayerfulness and spirituality of the Church in their midst. That was not the least of all the lessons that Madras gave to Mother India.

A. J. ANTONY WILLIAMS.

EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be typed and be accompanied by a sufficiently large stamped addressed envelope—stamps (or Post Office coupons from abroad) alone will not suffice. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,500 words, and must be intended for exclusive publication in the "Month," if accepted. As a general rule, subjects dealing with the exposition of theology and ethics are reserved to the staff.

MARGERY KEMPE REVIEWED

ABOUT a year and a half ago, the first extant autobiography written in English was given to the world in a modern version.¹ The event was a notable one and provoked widespread reactions in religious and literary circles. Without recalling the details connected with the discovery, it may be profitable, now that the book has gone into the background, to take a brief glance at the various judgments passed on this product of the ages of Faith by what is prevalently the age of scepticism. The reviews and articles to which it gave rise number nearly eighty—from a leader in *The Times* to the two columns in *Light*, the official organ of Spiritualism. The kindness of Colonel Butler-Bowdon (the owner and editor of the manuscript newly brought to light) has put a bulky collection of press-cuttings at the disposal of the present writer. They come from both non-Catholic and Catholic sources, and this is the most obvious dividing line. The former category includes the merely literary reviews (as in *The Times Literary Supplement* for October 10, 1936) and the signed articles by Protestants in various periodicals. These in some ways are of greater interest.

Dean Inge, for instance, noticed the book in *The Evening Standard*, under the caption "Tears, Idle Tears." Here are some characteristic sentences: "Margery was certainly queer, even in a queer age . . . she had fourteen children, most of whom, as was usual in the Middle Ages, seem to have died . . . the gift of tears was much thought of in the cloister. It is said of Veronica of Biasco that her tears made a pool round her where she stood, till she was provided with a jug to hold them." The Dean then enumerates various examples of tearful persons: Heraclitus, an unnamed young murderer and a popular preacher, Charles the Bold and the modern Italians after Caporetto. Bacon, says the Dean, speaks of the tears of the crocodiles, and Darwin allows, with some hesitation, that elephants perhaps shed tears. But the Dean passes no final judgment on Margery's tears. About her offspring, by the way, she says in her "Method of Prayer," "I cry Thee

¹ "The Book of Margery Kempe," a Modern Version. By W. Butler-Bowdon. London: Jonathan Cape. Price, 10s. 6d.

mercy, Lord, for all my children"—it would seem in gratitude for their continued existence.

Professor Coulton, in *The Observer*, called special attention to Margery's white dress: "white clothes were, naturally, unusual in the Middle Ages; washing was a serious matter." He does not discuss the religious implications of a white garment and makes no attempt to diagnose Margery's devotional life. Attention is not drawn to the fact that she seemed to have come across several worthy clerics during the course of her wanderings in Catholic Europe. She noted, in fact, that many people in Rome were "disposed to virtue" and the Bishop of Lincoln certainly exercised the virtue of patience when she roundly rebuked him!

Sir John Squire, in *The Daily Telegraph*, found Margery thoroughly unattractive. "She was a wet blanket"—no doubt both in the physical and in the metaphorical sense—"in any company which was innocently enjoying itself." But he concludes with this verdict: "The histories of English literature will have to be substantially emended on her account." Margery is "a born story-teller with a genius for writing," and she, rather than Malory or Mandeville, "dates" the arrival of English narrative prose.

Both *The Church of England Newspaper* (shy of the whole subject) and *The News Chronicle* called Margery "a travelling evangelist." "There is very little in Margery Kempe's book which can properly be described as mystical," affirms Evelyn Underhill in *The Spectator*. Yet Margery impresses with her solid theological basis and her concrete hold on great spiritual truths: twice in the book "we feel ourselves in contact with undoubted sanctity."

Mr. Graham Greene affirmed in *The Morning Post* that the book has little religious importance, but is unrivalled as literature. "Nowhere else can we find so vivid a picture of England in the early years of the fifteenth century . . . her book is a kind of Froissart of civil life . . . she had a sense of *this world*." Mr. H. B. Charlton disagrees with this last remark in *The Manchester Guardian*. "There are few domesticities in Margery's book and few mundanities . . . if it be held that her preoccupation with her soul and with her love of God lifts her above smaller matters, it cannot be denied that a later age's concern for the things of this world and its lively interest in mere mortality have done much to make literature man's most precious achievement." And he concludes with

the hope that the Freudians will not entirely appropriate a record of abnormal psychology.

"A.T.," in *The Birmingham Post*, was impressed by Margery's manner of contemplating the Epiphany as if she had been really present at the scene as our Lady's Handmaiden—a medieval method much used later by St. Ignatius in the Exercises. He recommended the book as a suitable Christmas present. *The Time and Tide* review, written by Tullis Clare, showed balanced judgment: Margery was no saint, but certainly no conscious hypocrite. *The Listener* found Margery embarrassing to live with, but "it would have been wonderful to have met her on a bus." R. A. Edwards, in *The Hibbert Journal*, was sympathetic to Margery's devotional writing, and with several others deeply lamented that it had been relegated to the appendix. He quotes a "colloquy" between Margery and our Lord: "deep, tender, simple and wholly sincere: the very stuff of which the book is made."

The Sunday Express drew attention to the fact that Margery had called the Archbishop of York a wicked old man: "his harassed holiness paid 5s. to a man to get Margery fast out of the country." But *The Sunday Express* can hardly be expected to interest its readers in mystical phenomena, and Margery fades fast out of its columns.¹

The most astonishing review comes from *Light*. Margery, it seems, had the gifts of clairvoyance and clairaudience. It was only by the greatest of good fortunes that she escaped the usual fate of so many of her mediumistic sisters of the period. The reviewer, of course, is thinking of the fiery death sometimes the fate of witches. Where present-day mediums receive messages from their "Guides," Margery claims inspiration from "Our Sovereign Lord Christ Jesus" and "our Lady." The Incarnation was certainly the centre of Margery's life; the reviewer is "frankly shocked" at the passages where this fact is stressed.

The reviews and articles in Catholic periodicals are all of a high order. Henry Chester Mann—we hazard the guess that this pseudonym conceals one deeply versed in the contemplative life—wrote convincingly in *Pax*. He quotes from Blessed Angela of Foligno (who lived in Italy two centuries

¹ Lord Castlerosse wrote this article; his name is in *The Catholic Who's Who*—but on this occasion he was not apparently writing as a Catholic.

earlier) to prove an identity, not only in mystical experiences but in the manner of their expression.

Dom Justin McCann, O.S.B., wrote in *The Dublin Review*. He finds that Margery displays throughout a most genuine love of our Lord and His saints. "Her words are often tender, affecting, inspiring . . . her personal love of our Lord, her deep compassion with Him in His sufferings, her constant practice of prayer: these things are wholly good . . . she desired not only to love Him but to suffer with Him . . . we may find her eccentric and extravagant, but we cannot but admire her excellent grasp of the essential Christian life." A very similar verdict was passed on her in *The Downside Review* by Rev. Sir John R. O'Connell.

Father Francis Burdett, writing in *The Catholic Herald*, calls attention to an important passage in Margery's religious revelations. She definitely expresses her dislike and distaste for extraordinary mystical experiences: "She would rather have suffered any bodily penance, if she might have put them away, for the dread she had of illusions and deceits of her ghostly enemies." He finds in Margery a simple objectivity and a directness of mind, foreign to the times in which we live.

Father Thurston, in a long article called "Margery the Astonishing,"¹ finds "terrible hysteria and *exaltée* piety" in his subject. Her devout communings with heaven are pious digressions and emotional transports. "But it would be rash to decide that Margery was no more than a neurotic and self-deluded visionary who had nothing about her of the spirit of God. The problem which confronts us in case after case of these queer mystics is the combination of pronounced hysteria with a genuine love of God, great generosity and self-sacrifice, and unflinching courage."

Three general impressions emerge from these diverse verdicts.

The first is that none of the writers have made a genuine attempt to diagnose Margery's "gift of tears," or explain it in the light of traditional Catholic teaching. Glance at the Liturgy of the Church. The Missal contains a collection of Collects bearing on the point: "Draw from the hardness of our hearts, the tears of compunction, that we may be able to bewail our sins, and through Thy mercy merit their remission"; "Draw from our eyes rivers of tears"; "May the grace

¹ THE MONTH, November, 1936.

of the Holy Spirit enable us to wash away our sins with the plaintiveness of our tears." It is our duty, says St. Gregory, in his "Dialogue," to implore with profound plaints the gift of tears; St. Catherine of Siena echoes this teaching; St. Ignatius—here, as elsewhere, faithful to orthodox medieval spirituality—mentions the gift of tears on two occasions.¹ The Catechism of the Council of Trent says that tears of contrition ought to be desired and sought for with the greatest care.

The Mind of the Church is clear on the point.

But, broadly speaking, there are tears that come from the human spirit and tears from the Holy Spirit. The banker weeps at his loss of fortune, the schoolboy after his interview with the headmaster, the mother when her son departs for the war. Human tears are not holy in themselves, for an evil motive can corrupt them. But they can be made holy when willingly offered to God—and the tears of a mother, very human indeed, can yet bring merit to her.

But the "gift of tears," properly speaking, comes from the Holy Spirit. There are numerous examples in Holy Scripture. David, Magdalen, Peter wept for their sins. Saints innumerable wept from the desire of seeing God and the intolerable burden of His absence. Samuel wept for Saul: it was a supernatural sorrow for his sins and calamities. Our Blessed Lord wept over the sin and the ruin of Jerusalem. There are the tears that come from the meditation of His Passion. The Church holds up the Mother of Dolours for our example.

Margery Kempe was given the gift of tears in a pronounced degree. Her outpourings are an excellent example of what theologians call "accidental devotion": a love of God flowing down into the sensitive appetites. It is worth nothing and is, in fact, a snare, when not founded on an intelligent promptitude of the will to serve God with courage under whatever circumstances. Non-Catholic reviewers would not have been so disconcerted had they had a knowledge of the teaching of mystical theology on these points. Psychologists and neurologists, by the very limitations of their science, cannot give the full explanation of Margery's tears in her compassion with Christ.

The second general observation concerns "The English Way," noted in Margery's book by several reviewers.

¹ When speaking of the value of exterior penances in the Exercises: one of the effects of which is to "llorar mucho"—"to weep copiously"—for sin and the Passion of Christ.

Catholic Book Notes goes so far as to say that she spoke of the Secret of the King "according to English sporting rules and habit." This seems to be a purely subjective impression and a projection of the writer's modern mentality into the past. English medieval folk were certainly not "sporting," ever seeking for the humorous element, or unemotional in their religious life; such a state of mind and heart is wholly alien to the essential nature and message of Catholicism. Margery found the same outlets for her devotion and the same atmosphere, at Walsingham, Compostella, Rome, York and Assisi. "It is characteristically English to describe or suggest spiritual facts with homely metaphor," writes Miss Underhill. Is it not rather a characteristically Catholic habit of mind, founded on and dating from the manner and time of our Lord?

The third observation is this: Margery's book is an excellent illustration of the relationship and reconciliation of the literary spirit with the spirit of prayer. It is certain that the purely spiritual part of her book is the part that she herself would have valued. She was not concerned with setting down an account of the social life of fifteenth-century England for the benefit of posterity. Events and descriptions illustrative of this are purely incidental. Yet the emphasis is laid on the literary and historical value of the book by the vast majority of the reviewers. This fact is significant and may result in wrong values. We may look on the saints and those who approach to sanctity from different points of view. Broadly speaking, there are historical, psychological, literary and spiritual interests in their lives. The Church lays the greatest stress on the last. Saints' lives should furnish spiritual reading in the strict sense of that term. They should promote the *practice* of asceticism and lure readers from precepts to counsels. The literary value in a saint's life is accessory to its substance; it can even be a distraction from the essential message. These points are brought out in the lives of holy men written by other men possessed of equal holiness. When Father Puente—the author of many ascetical books—wrote the life of Father Balthasar Alvarez—one of St. Teresa's Directors—he made many digressions. There are no descriptions of sunsets, or the colour and cut of contemporary costumes or of the Rome of the period. Yet the essential sanctity of the man comes out. "*In these sorts of works* one must look less to the method of writing than to the edification of the readers," affirmed Father Puente.

Margery looked to spiritual edification and achieved literary distinction. She was chiefly concerned with the chronicle of her intimate communings with Christ, His Mother and His saints. Incidentally, she wrote a book of unique historical value. The human aspects of her work engage our interest and excite our curiosity; the spiritual digressions go to the heart of Catholicism. They transcend time and place and period. Their meaning is clear. Christ cannot be separated from His Cross: the Cross is both the blazon and boast of a conquering Faith and the symbol and sign of a copious Redemption. By the grace of God, remembrance and contrition for sin can move sinners to silent tears. They moved Margery to boisterous wailing. This fact need not detract from her real character and the value of her message.

GEORGE BURNS.

Spring Candles

NOW the lengthening days unfold,
Grey to green, and green to gold:

Kingcups light the riverside,
Violets, snowdrops, peep and hide:

Young wheat pricks the frost-free earth,
For the year is at its birth:

Crocus buds in gold and white
Push their spearheads to the light,

Wind-flowers flicker in the glade,
Aconites be-star the shade.

Feathery hazel-catkins swing,
Lighting candles for their King,

Since on his way He now must pass
From his feast of Candlemas!

Now his Mother bears Him home,
To his Temple must He come:

Light your candles, Earth, to-day,
For your Lord comes on his way!

Light your candles, flowers of Spring,
Light your candles for your King!

I. SHIPTON.

AN OUTPOST OF THE FAITH

SEVENTEEN miles south of John o' Groat's House, in the most northerly corner of Great Britain, is the fishing town of Wick. It is a somewhat dour-looking town, mostly consisting of solidly-built stone houses, almost black in colour and with a surface like unpolished marble. The grim funereal effect of these houses is intensified on a winter's day, when a biting wind sweeps unchecked across the treeless plains of Caithness, surely the most austere and unsentimental landscape in either England or Scotland. It is the home of a strong, hardy race of men and women who are proud to be the descendants of the Vikings who settled in Caithness many centuries ago, and who themselves retain many of the characteristics of their Norse ancestors.

Except for two or three months in the summer, when the herring fisheries still bring a little excitement into the town, although not what it used to be before the War, for Wick to-day is now going derelict, it is a sad place, where one is made conscious of far-off days when folk worked hard, played hard, and drank hard; days when life was a game of hazard depending on the herring. "Hard"—yes, very hard, for you've got to be hard to live in Caithness. And none were harder than those Caithness fishermen of the old days, who as Neil Gunn tells us were "daring, self-reliant, rarely hypocritical or sanctimonious, game for whatever life offered them in the sea-storm or in the public-house, and God-fearing over all."

There is a remoteness about Wick which one never realizes so well as when one arrives there at last on a winter day after what seems an interminable six-hour railway journey from Inverness. It is certainly the end of the world, at least, of the world of Great Britain.

Last year, 1937, the Catholic church in Wick kept its centenary. As well as being the most northerly Catholic church on the mainland of Great Britain, this mission, if I am not mistaken, can also claim to be the largest in the British Isles, for it covers an area of 2,739 square miles, *i.e.*, the counties of Caithness and Sutherland.

Until the middle of the eighteenth century, Wick was merely a small fishing village. But between 1767 and 1787 it

developed with amazing rapidity into one of the chief centres of the herring industry in Scotland. The British Fisheries Association, which had erected the village of Ullapool on Loch Broom, in 1788, was also responsible for the laying-out of the suburb of Pultneytown on the south side of Wick harbour twenty years later. In this district is to be found St. Joachim's church, built in 1837 by the Rev. Walter Lovi, at that time in charge of the mission of Keith in Banffshire. This zealous priest used to visit Wick every summer during the fishing season in order to minister to the crowds of workers from the West Highlands and from Ireland who were employed in the curing yards.

Father Lovi must have found plenty to do if the following description is correct. "The herring fishing," writes the parish minister, "has increased wealth, but also wickedness. No care is taken of the ten thousand young strangers of both sexes who are crowded together with the inhabitants within the narrow streets of Wick during the six weeks of the fishery, when they are exposed to drink and every other temptation. Fever of a typhoid type is seldom absent, and is acute during the fishing season. There is a great consumption of spirits, there being twenty public-houses in Wick and twenty-three in Pultneytown," which the same writer goes on to describe as "seminaries of Belial and Satan."

The lack of proper housing seems to have been acute. As many as ten or twelve persons of both sexes were often crowded together in one small room. The filth of the streets, in which fish offal was left to rot in the sun, was indescribable. During the six weeks of the fishing season it was usual for five hundred gallons of whisky to be sold every day.

But Wick "went dry" after the War, and if the parish minister of 1840 was to return here in 1938 he would find it a very different kind of place, for it is no easy matter to buy even one gallon of whisky during the fishing season, and there is not a single public-house instead of forty-three.

St. Joachim's church is a large building, best described as a rectangular-shaped hall with a dignified stone façade in the Classic style, adorned with pilasters and a pediment. Large massive iron gates protect the entrance from assaults of juvenile marauders, whose love of throwing stones against the windows is probably inspired more by motives of sport than by any excessive bigotry against the Scarlet Woman. Even 70 years ago one of the priests mentions what trouble he had with the boys, and how he had to appeal to the local police.

The interior of the church is severely plain, and is lit by three semicircular windows on one side only. The altar piece is a painting of Our Lord, the work of a nineteenth-century Aberdeen artist, W. Russell, whose crude efforts, more remarkable for their piety than for their technical quality, are also to be found in several other churches in the Aberdeen diocese. The altar frontal displays a realistic painting of the Agnus Dei which must have fascinated many a youthful server as he knelt before it during Mass. The "puir wee beastie" lies there as if newly slaughtered in a butcher's shop. There are two large statues of the Sacred Heart and Our Lady on either side of the altar; these, together with the Stations of the Cross, are its sole ornaments. Even on a Sunday the priest's housekeeper has to answer Mass for there are no male servers to be had, since the departure of one of the Italian families of ice-cream sellers a few years ago.

After the opening of the church there does not seem to have been a priest stationed here regularly until 1861 when the mission was placed under the jurisdiction of Mgr. Etienne, Apostolic Prefect of the Arctic Regions, who generally made Wick his headquarters. His vast "diocese" included not only the county of Caithness, but also the Orkneys, Shetlands, Faroes, Iceland, Greenland, and the north coast of Norway.

A pamphlet, entitled "*Relation sur l'Etat des Missions du Pole Arctique*," written by the Abbé Ciamberlini, and published at Brussels in 1865, gives some interesting details about Wick at this time. We learn that the greater number of Catholics were wandering tinkers, who made the town their temporary home. In less than three years no fewer than twenty-three children belonging to this class had been baptized. In most cases only one parent was a Catholic, and then merely a nominal one. And from reference to the mission register one finds out that the name of the father is sometimes unknown, which in itself is enough to make one realize what was the moral condition of the people.

Wick itself was placed in charge of the Abbé Bernard, who on his arrival in the north of Scotland from France, seems to have had but a slight knowledge of the English language. There is still preserved in the mission archives a curious old manuscript book in which the zealous missionary wrote out his sermons. On the first occasion when he ventured to speak to the congregation—Sunday, September 18, 1861—he regrets that he is unable to preach in English, but insists that

"the instruction is necessary," and he goes on to say that "until I am able to adrese you in the english language, I will read a lecture, and I hope you will hear with all the attention and interest. . . So I beg that you will entreat the Holy Spirit to aid me in the study of your language, as it must be the means of conveying you his divine word."

The good Abbé seems to have made rapid progress in English, for as the year goes on it gets less and less curious, until after six months, when the book ceases, one can realize that it was no longer any great effort for him to make himself understood. What is even more interesting than the long and extremely dogmatic sermons, which one can well believe were far above the heads of the majority of the tinkers and tramps, are the notices about the services. There were three Masses at Christmas; two of them sung, including the Mid-night Mass. In the afternoon there was Catechism, followed by Vespers, Rosary and Benediction. It seems that the Abbé Bernard always had sung Vespers and Benediction on Sundays. At that time Benediction was rarely given in the churches in the north-east of Scotland, except on great feasts, the usual Sunday afternoon service consisting of Prayers and Instruction. Vespers, however, was not nearly so uncommon as to-day when one can find this liturgical office sung publicly only in the abbey church at Fort Augustus.

A Catholic school was opened in Wick a year or so later, and from the size of the domestic buildings erected next the church, it would appear as if the Apostolic Prefect of the Arctic Regions must have hoped to establish a fairly large community of missionary priests or ecclesiastical students, or was it to be an episcopal palace? They had great optimism, those pioneer priests of the Arctic Missions, and in spite of the great difficulties of this apostolate seem to have had little doubt that they would be able to win back the heretics among whom they had been sent to labour into the Fold of Peter. The Abbé Bernard was succeeded by two other French priests—Dumahut and Capron—whose names appear in the registers of baptisms, and later on we find the name of the Abbé Verstraeten, a Dutchman, who may well claim to be the modern apostle of the Orkneys and Shetlands where he mostly worked.

In 1870 the Scottish portion of the Arctic Missions reverted to the Northern Vicariate, and on the restoration of the Scottish hierarchy in 1878, became part of the diocese of Aber-

deen. During the past sixty years there has been a succession of priests in Wick, none of whom has stayed for many years, for their ecclesiastical superiors have been well aware of the intense isolation of this northern outpost of the Faith, and have given them another charge, lest they should break down under the strain of loneliness.

Even to-day Wick is a remote enough place. The nearest priest on the mainland lives at Dingwall, which is 142 miles distant by rail, and a journey of nearly five hours. To reach his most distant parishioners the priest at Wick has to go nearly 140 miles by road—an alarming prospect if he gets a sick-call on a winter's night when the roads are snow-bound. Thurso and Dornoch are also served from Wick; Mass being said in both places at regular intervals. For many years after the War there were more Italians in the local congregation than native Scotsmen; in fact, the priest who was stationed there in 1924 told me he often thought it would be better if he preached in Italian than in English, as the majority of his flock were of that race if not born in Italy! But these ice-cream men, who made such a profit when the public-houses closed after Wick had gone dry, have in many instances returned to their own country or set up business elsewhere. For the fisheries have been in a bad way lately, and even in the height of the brief summer season, money is not so plentiful as formerly.

No stately functions marked the centenary of this lonely mission, where for a hundred years a heroic succession of priests has at least kept alive, if not extended, the Faith. When one kneels to pray in this great barn-like church, empty from Sunday to Sunday, all one can say is: "Can these dry bones live? O Lord God, Thou knowest." For a century the tabernacle of the Lord has been set up in this northern land, and a sanctuary in the midst of the people. But so far there has been little to show, and but few conversions. Yet who can tell what invisible results may not have come from this patient apostolate?

PETER F. ANSON.

MOLOCH & SON

"SO I'm not after all to go to the seminary when I've finished here?" The words came slowly from the boy's lips, in tones of heartrending disappointment.

Father Lampeter, the headmaster of Haverford, the great Catholic school, looked pityingly at the fair-haired lad before him. "I'm afraid not, Gerald," he said gently. "Your father tells me he wants you to go home at the end of this term, and enter his office. I understand that he originally intended your elder brother to go into that, only apparently your brother refuses to do so—"

Gerald Vasleigh nodded. "Yes, sir, that's right. You see Harold's dead nuts on Art—sculpture, you know—he's awfully good at it, too—had a thing in the Academy last year—now he's gone off to Paris to study, and tells the Guv'nor he simply won't go into his potty old office!"

The priest smiled. "Yes, quite so. Your brother always had a will of his own, even when he was a boy here. We frequently had some very—er—stormy interviews! He did not possess your docile disposition."

"But it's not fair, sir. Why should I be shoved into a business I shall hate, just because my brother won't— Oh, Father! I do so want to be a priest!"

In spite of his seventeen years, the tears stood in the lad's eyes.

Father Lampeter's voice was full of sympathy as he replied. "Yes, I know, my boy. You doubtless have a real vocation. However, it is your duty at present to obey your father. Although you may not be able to serve God in the priesthood, nevertheless, God will grant you many opportunities to serve Him in your life in the world!"

The priest stopped, feeling his remarks were a little sententious—a thing that he loathed.

"Well, good-night, Gerald," he said briefly. "God bless you!"

Then, as the lad left the room the priest murmured to himself: "What a pity! The boy has all the signs of a genuine call from God. These selfish parents, how they rob God! Ah, but the boy's father's not a Catholic, I remember now! Still, why doesn't the mother stick up for her child?"

A few weeks later, Gerald was talking to his father in the library of the Kensington house where they lived.

"Well, Gerald," began Mr. Vasleigh, gazing paternally at the tall lad sitting opposite him, "I'm glad you are home again! Your mother said something about Oxford, but what's the use of those places to a business man, I should like to know!"

Gerald thought of the dreaming spires of Oxford. There was more, he felt, in the great university than his parent knew of. "You've heard, of course, about Harold," Mr. Vasleigh continued. "Young fool! Throwing all his chances in life away, after the advantages I've given him, too!"

"But, father!" expostulated Gerald, "Harold's awfully clever! Look at that statue he had in the Academy—the 'St. Joan of Arc'—it was splendid!"

"Rubbish!" retorted his father testily. "Who wants that sort of thing to-day? There's no place for art nowadays in the world! No, your brother's very wrong in wasting his time like that! However, Gerald, I'm thankful still to have you to take his place in the firm—"

The boy looked up quickly. This was the moment he was dreading. "But, father, it's awfully kind of you—but you see I want to be a priest!"

A shade of annoyance passed over Mr. Vasleigh's face. "Oh, no, laddie, that won't do at all!" he exclaimed sharply. "You must abandon that idea entirely, now that your brother's done what he has! You must come into the business."

"Father, do let me be a priest. You told me last year I could go to the English College at Rome. Mother wants me too to go there!"

"Yes, I know I did!" His father's tone was more conciliatory now. "But your brother's decision has changed things. One of my sons must succeed me in the firm. I realize it's a disappointment for you. I'm sorry, old man"—an unusual note of tenderness came into the man's voice—"Gerald," he continued after a slight pause, "you know the plate on our office door—Vasleigh & Son—the name's almost gone now, it's so old. But everyone who's worth anything in the city knows where to find us, so we don't bother. My great-grandfather put up that plate. It was 'Vasleigh' at first, then it became 'Vasleigh & Son.' And that it has been ever

since, generation on to generation. A fine old firm, my lad, something to be proud of, eh?"

There was unwonted emotion in the speaker's voice. Never had Gerald seen his father so stirred.

He was about to speak, when Mr. Vasleigh continued: "Gerald, I know how you feel, giving up your career. I had to do so too. You've heard of your uncle Henry?"

Gerald, leaning forward in sudden interest, nodded briefly. "Yes, he died young, didn't he?"

"From a motor-cycle accident. The things had just been invented then. He was my elder brother. So then I had to take his place in the firm, instead of—well, what I wanted to go into."

"What was that, Daddy?" asked Gerald.

"The navy. I loved the sea, and I longed to be a naval officer all my life. I had passed the exams for the 'Britannia,' it was the old ship at Dartmouth in those days. My things had just come from the outfitters—the uniform, sea-chest, and all that. I had put the uniform on to show it to my parents—how excited we all were—when a 'phone message came from a hospital. It was Henry's accident. The poor chap died that night. I was dreadfully cut up about it, of course. I idolized my big brother, but even then I did not realize the change it would make in my life until my father called me into his room. It was this very room, and I sat there, just as you are. I was wearing my uniform again, for I was to go to Dartmouth the next day."

The man paused, lost in memories of the past.

"Then my father explained it all to me. I could not go into the navy, but must join the business. 'It's a jolt, but it's your duty, "Nelson expects," you know!' my father quoted. He was a typical Victorian! I couldn't kick up a fuss after that, but—well, I went upstairs to my room, took off my uniform, packing it away in the sea-chest, along with the other things, and put on my old suit, which I expected never to wear again. Then, although I was fourteen—I just threw myself on the bed and cried like a kid!"

Gerald listened to his father with eyes moist with tears. So he, too, had made a sacrifice—just as he himself was now being called on to make—the middy's jacket, the priest's cassock, seemed at the moment much the same, for he did not reflect that a priestly vocation is a heavenly grace.

The boy rose, laying his hand on his father's shoulder in a sudden burst of sympathy.

"It's all right, father, I'll go into the firm!" he murmured in a husky voice.

Having taken the plunge, Gerald threw himself into his new occupation with all his energies.

At first the complexities of the various details bewildered him. There seemed so much to do about what in itself was a very simple matter. In fact, there appeared no particular necessity for Messrs. Vasleigh & Son to exist at all, for they neither produced anything nor sold to the consumer, but hung like parasites on the lengthy chain linking the manufacturer and the public; making a profit on the goods that merely passed through their hands. So minute was the margin of profit that Gerald often wondered how it could have kept generations of his family in the very solid comfort in which they lived. This, however, was done by dealing on a large scale; consequently there was only room for a few firms in that line of business, forming a little clique of their own, and combining to keep newcomers out. Even then, competition was keen, and they squabbled among themselves like dogs growling over a bone.

At first Gerald found it all inexpressibly dull and boring. He wondered how his father could so contentedly spend his life like this.

Then the realization came that his father regarded the business just as a means of money-making, whilst he found his interest in life in his amusements, conscientiously transacting his affairs from ten till five, then hastening away to his beloved golf or bridge.

Soon Gerald himself learnt how to frame his existence on similar lines, adopting tennis and cricket as outlets for his energies. It was at the Wimbledon tournament that he met Agatha Carlessen, their acquaintanceship soon ripening into affection.

When Gerald broke the news of his engagement to his parents, it was received with the utmost enthusiasm by them. It was only later that the reason dawned on him. Agatha, an only child, was the daughter of one of Mr. Vasleigh's principal business rivals. The match would unite the two firms, as a royal wedding would make for peace between two rival countries.

Soon after the marriage his wife was received into the Church, and, later, his happiness was increased still more by the birth of a son.

Mr. Vasleigh senior was jubilant. "Vasleigh & Son for ever!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "Another one to carry on the good old firm! It'll be the sixth generation!"

Gerald also, as he gazed at the small bundle of clothes in the nurse's arms, felt a similar thrill of pride.

This was his son, to receive the heritage which his own father had handed down to him. Now, with the responsibilities of a son and heir on his shoulders Gerald became more and more immersed in his business. The cherished ambition of his early days seemed now like a dream.

Meeting Harold one day, newly back from the Latin Quarter, sporting a pointed beard, and, like Gerald, the proud possessor of a wife and child, revived, however, the memory of the past. "Hullo, old chap! So you're in my shoes now! You're welcome to them! I couldn't stick your life, in spite of all the cash there's in it! That's why I chucked it! Give me freedom, even if it means an empty larder and an impatient landlord! Still, you might lend me a fiver, you bloated millionaire!" Such was his brother's cheerful greeting as they encountered one another in Bond Street. Watching the scapegrace Harold nonchalantly strolling through the fashionable crowd of shoppers in his shabby clothes, Gerald experienced a sudden pang of envy. Perhaps his brother had been right, after all!

Harold had refused to make the sacrifice to the family Moloch, the business for which both his father and himself had given up their boyhood ideals, but had struck out for his freedom, even if it meant poverty. He, too, might have stood for his freedom and the poverty of a priest, but had not. Which of them, Gerald wondered, had made the better choice?

The years passed. Paul, as Gerald and Agatha had named their son, grew up into a big boy, going to his father's old school, Haverford, and later to Oxford, in spite of his grandfather's low opinion of that place!

Soon it was his twenty-first birthday, an event celebrated by a good old-fashioned Vasleigh dinner-party, both sides of the family being present, including Harold, the scapegrace.

Old Mr. Vasleigh rose to propose the toast of the evening. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he began ponderously, holding up his wine glass. "I ask you to drink the health of my grandson, Mr. Paul Vasleigh, who now celebrates his coming of age! He is at present finishing his education at Oxford, a

place that personally I cannot see the use of, but very soon he will be able to play his part in the grand old firm of Vasleigh & Son, which is handed down as a sacred trust from generation to generation!"

Paul, looking absurdly like his father at his age, rose to return thanks.

"Ladies and Gentlemen!" he began, nervously fingering his white tie. "I mean, Grandpapa, and—"

Then he looked round at the company before him. Three generations; the two grandfathers, his own father, and Uncle Harold, the black sheep of the family, but not so black now that he was an R.A. and a fashionable portrait painter, with his French wife and pretty little Bella, his daughter.

Desperately he collected his thoughts, struggling to remember the beginning which his father had written out for him.

"I am deeply grateful for your kind words," he stammered, "and now that I have come to man's estate, I hope to prove myself worthy of the care and affection that have been lavished on me. And soon I hope to—" There he stopped. There was a strange look in his eyes, like a hunted animal being driven into a trap. "To be able to take my place in the business, of which we are so justly proud," prompted his father in a loud whisper.

"Another victim on the family altar!" came *sotto voce* from Uncle Harold.

"I mean to say that," began the boy again. He paused once more in irresolution; then burst out desperately, "Father, Grandpa, I'm awfully sorry, but I just can't: I'm not going into the firm. I intend to be a priest!"

Dead silence came over the party, broken at length by old Mr. Vasleigh rising hastily.

"Come, my lad, this is nonsense! A priest indeed! Of course, I understand you Catholics think a lot of that sort of thing!"—the old gentleman glanced round apologetically—"I'm only a Protestant, but dash it all, here's the good old family firm for you to come into—"

"Hang the old family firm! Moloch & Son, that's what it is!" growled Harold recklessly. "Let the lad do what he wants!"

Mr. Vasleigh scowled savagely at his elder son, then turned for support to the only other non-Catholic present.

"Carlesson!" he exclaimed to Agatha's father, "you agree with me, don't you?"

"Of course!" wheezed the other old gentleman. "Absurd

idea! 'Tisn't only your business waiting for him, but mine too! As soon as I retire, as I mean to presently, I shall leave my business to Gerald here, in trust for Agatha."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Mr. Vasleigh. "Why, that'll make us one of the biggest firms in the city! There's a chance for you, Paul! You'll be richer than either of us!"

He beamed paternally on Paul. Then, receiving merely a shake of the head from the young man, he turned desperately to his son Gerald.

"Gerald, can't you make the boy see reason? Look what a chance he's missing! For goodness sake use your influence with him!"

Paul's father was in a reverie, thinking of the day, so long ago, when he himself was pleading with his father for liberty to fulfil his heart's desire. Then the idea of his parent's own sacrifice helped him to follow his example. Should he now plead in the same way with his son? No, he would not. God had given him the means of vicarious atonement for his own refusal of grace. He was humbly grateful and glad to take the chance. And, after all, judged by any true scale of values, what had mere commercial sentiment to offer in comparison with the dignity now within reach of the family? He felt sorry for his old father but his choice was made. "No!" he said firmly, "I will let my boy follow his vocation, and thank God for it."

A. C. BAILEY.

The First Angelus

OUR Lady's well at Nazareth
Had known a thousand springs
Before its water felt the breath
Of Gabriel's folding wings
And Mary, wondering what thus
The windless surface stirred,
Looked up—and the first Angelus
Through Heaven and Earth was heard
And She God's Mother was for us
According to God's Word. . .

Since Earth was made, since Time began,
Till Time no longer is,
No miracle can be for man
So wonderful as this.

WILLIAM BLISS.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

ECHOES OF THE REPORT.

Fierce to her foes yet fears her force to try,
Because she wants innate authority,
For how can she constrain them to obey
Who has herself cast off the lawful sway?

Dryden: "The Hind and the Panther."

LAST month¹ we tried to express briefly the natural reactions experienced by a member of the Church which, like her Founder, "teaches with authority," when confronted by the voluminous "Report of the Commission on Christian Doctrine appointed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York in 1922." These reactions were inevitably and wholly unfavourable. We had not expected that the result of fifteen years' prayer, study and discussion would leave matters just where they were, with no sensible lessening of "the tensions between the different schools of thought in the Church of England, imperilling its unity and impairing its effectiveness," of which the Chairman speaks,² but rather with a more candid and more official exposure of the number and depth of these differences than the general public has hitherto known. The exposure in our view has been all the more thorough because seemingly unconscious. The Commissioners seem to think that they have made out quite a good case for their Church, that now—the words are those of *The Church Times*—"foreign ecclesiastical bodies will know, at the very least, that the Church of England takes theology seriously, is concerned to give a reasoned and devout explanation of her teaching, and has a definite notion where she stands in theological thought." This is surely optimism gone crazy. We can imagine "foreign ecclesiastical bodies," members of which have clung through thick and thin to the opinion that somehow or other and in spite of all the Establishment had retained some of the essentials of Catholicity, coming sadly to the conclusion that they were mistaken, for if the Report shows anything it proves the Church of England has no definite notion where she stands theologically. A select group of her most learned theologians, drawn from many of her "schools of thought," have tried and failed to find whether she stands on the most fundamental truths of the Christian revelation.

But it would not be fair to infer that all the members of the Establishment regard the Commissioners as faithful exponents of

¹ "Anglicanism Self-Portrayed," February, 1938, pp. 109 sqq.

² Report, p. 4.

³ January 14, 1938.

their mind. Although meant to be only descriptive, not authoritative, the Report has been severely criticized in many quarters—a further revelation of doctrinal divergence, since new points of view are expressed. The Evangelicals who retain much of the old Protestant belief in Christ and His revelation, would probably make their own this utterance of the Protestant Reformation Society which, “while it recognizes with deep thankfulness such positive affirmations of the verities of the Faith as are allowed expression, deprecates the alarming concessions made to the rationalistic spirit.” Another old-fashioned Protestant, the Secretary of the Lord’s Day Observance Society, writes that “the Archbishops’ Commission reveals wide apostasy in the Church,” and the Secretary of the Church Association declares that the “Report is vitiated by ignoring the standards of doctrine in the Church of England.” On the other hand, the Modern Churchman’s Union is thankful that the Report “reflects the traditional spirit of the Church of England, in its emphasis upon comprehensiveness, doctrinal and ecclesiastical liberalism, and appreciation that discipleship to Christ is the essential basis of membership of the Church.” Yet Mr. Major, giving his blessing to the Report as a whole, asks for more of the same kind. “The Commissioners, as loyal English Churchmen, have no belief in the infallibility of the Church in matters of doctrine, still less in their own infallibility.” “Their supreme endeavour has been to include rather than to exclude. They are resolved to enlarge the comprehensiveness of the Church of England both in doctrine and in practice.” “The Report is English in its timidity and in its spirit of compromise and in its robust optimism—its belief that somehow, somewhere, somewhen, our present antitheses will be sublimated into higher synthesis.”¹ The writer, we repeat, means to praise the Commissioners, but what will foreign ecclesiastical bodies think of a Church so described? And what, while the Church’s contradictory doctrines are being sublimated into unity, is to become of the hungry unfed flock?

It is obvious that Catholic-minded Anglicans repudiate the Report. Mr. Athelstan Riley writes to *The Church Times* (January 28th) to explain “why I look upon the Report . . . as a disaster,” and one of his reasons appears in the exclamation—“Alas! too often does the Church of England play into the hands of Rome!”, which follows the recognition that in answer to the question—What is the Faith of the Church of England?—“the signatories cannot avoid the question, and its answer lies in the very unanimity of their Report—‘We cannot tell.’” Yet, speaking in Convocation on January 19th the Archbishop of Canterbury found in this same unanimity that the differences so frankly avowed “were differences of emphasis rather than of substance, and because the fact that all the members of the Commission had signed the Report proved

¹ *Church Times*, Jan. 28th, p. 85.

that men of widely varied traditions and standpoints had found that those differences did not break their fellowship as members of one Church." They agreed, in fact, to disagree. The foreign observer, all the same, will find more than a difference of emphasis in these contradictory statements—"Christ had no human father: Christ was born like ordinary men." "Our Lady, Mother of Christ, nevertheless remained a Virgin: Our Lady did not." "Christ raised His lifeless Body from the Tomb: Christ did not rise again." And so on, through many similar antitheses. Surely the Archbishop, a truthful man, is here making a large draft on the "robust optimism" that Mr. Major finds so admirable!

The echoes of the Report have seemingly died down. It has not, so far as we know, been brought formally before the Anglican hierarchy, whose business is "to consider what further action (if any) should be taken." The words in parenthesis suggest an obvious way out of further "tension" between different schools of thought, which are represented on the Bench as well as in the ranks. One bishop, his Lordship of Durham, has at any rate asserted¹ that in spite of the use of "every method for quickening interest in its publication . . . the Report has certainly fallen very flat . . . the general public is uninterested and the Church indifferent." And he finds a curious contrast between this apathy and the *furor* caused by his own elevation to the See of Hereford twenty years ago when, because of his "liberal" opinions, his "consecration was considered so scandalous that many of the leading bishops refused to take part in it." We, too, recollect that crisis and how *The Church Times* deplored in a leader the fate of "unhappy Hereford," and how the zealous Bishop Weston tried in vain to have the Bishop-elect prosecuted as a heretic, and wrote a book² in which he showed that the Archbishop of Canterbury and the whole Synod were approvers of heresy. There was certainly no lack of Anglican interest then in affairs of doctrine, and the Bishop of Zanzibar actually printed in an Appendix a list of Bishop Henson's liberal "heresies," all of which the Report now asserts or implies may be held in Anglicanism. These are:

- 1) That the Virgin Birth is an open question; 2) That our Lord's Bodily Resurrection is an open question; 3) That our Lord's so-called "nature" miracles are not facts; 4) That the Fourth Gospel must not be read as history; 5) That our Lord made mistakes in His teachings, believed some things that are not true, and prayed to His Father about demons who do not possess men as He supposed.³

No wonder that Dr. Henson concludes "Its [the Report's] influence, such as it is, will be in the direction of theological freedom." That freedom—the right of private judgment—has always

¹ *The Sunday Times*, February 13th.

² "The Christ and His Critics." 1919.

³ *Op. cit.*, p. 151.

existed in Anglicanism; only its official recognition is becoming more and more openly proclaimed. Why, then, these constant disputes about "authority in the Church"? There is avowedly no doctrinal authority. No Lambeth Conference, no Episcopal or Synodal pronouncement in interpretation of revelation is considered to be binding in conscience. Anglicanism, although at the beginning it tried to impose formulas of belief, has never dared to say, as "Rome" does—"As the Church of Christ, I speak with His authority: he that heareth me, heareth Him." A *Church Times* leader (January 28th) winds up with the following exhortation—"Let the Church put aside all meretricious attractions and proclaim the Christian Faith in all its totalitarian demands on the heart and mind and body of men, and the answer is likely to be surprising." The Church, poor thing, as a preliminary to proclaiming the Christian Faith, has done its best to ascertain what it is, and the Doctrinal Report is the hopeless and lamentable result. What would be surprising would be the appearance of any answer to a demand on the part of a Church so confused and contradictory: any arming for battle at the summons of so wavering and uncertain a trumpet-call. The Report, as far as it went, did "demonstrate the extent of existing agreement [and, concomitantly, disagreement] within the Church of England," but "as for investigating how far it was possible to remove or diminish existing differences," it gave that up as a bad job, and its echoes only serve to multiply those differences. Anglicanism cannot teach because it does not know, whereas in the happy phrase of Father McNabb, the true Church must be Audible as well as Visible. Dryden's pungent lines heading these remarks indicate precisely what is radically wrong with Anglicanism: it tries to teach without full knowledge of the truth and without the capacity of detecting and rejecting error: it lacks "innate authority."

J.K.

"THE VATICAN'S WORST DILEMMA."

ONE has much sympathy with the journalist whose task it is day after day to turn out a column or so of spicy gossip commenting upon men and matters that are in the news. It would be unreasonable to assume, when such a writer occasionally strays into the fields of religious or historical controversy and commits himself to an assertion which is bound to give offence to one party or another, that he has therefore been animated with any malicious purpose. Most probably he was only hard up for something to write about and was glad to avail himself of any topic which came to hand. Still, a certain measure of care seems to be demanded in such historical excursions, and this is especially true when a recent and protracted correspondence in the same newspaper had demonstrated that the point mainly in dispute is very strongly

contested. The point in this case is the possibility of a Papal dispensation for bigamy. In *The Daily Telegraph* of February 3rd, under the heading "Vatican's Worst Dilemma," the commentator who writes over the signature of "Peterborough" informed the readers of that journal that "when the Pope considers the question of granting a dispensation to allow the Roman Catholic Countess Apponyi to marry the Moslem King Zog, he will be confronted with a much less thorny problem than that which faced Gregory IX 700 years ago." We are further told that in 1228 Count Ernst von Gleichen came to the Vatican accompanied by two ladies, one white, the other black. He had been a Crusader in Palestine, had been made prisoner and had escaped only after a long captivity by the aid of his captor's daughter who fled with him to Venice. Count Ernst was a married man, but had been assured that his wife was dead. He was accordingly on the point of wedding the Saracen lady when news arrived that his wife Otilie was still living. Thereupon, according to *The Daily Telegraph* writer, "Count Gleichen took Mela [the Saracen] back to Thuringia and explained the situation to Otilie. A broadminded woman, she received Mela cordially and all three set out for Rome. It was Otilie who appealed to Gregory IX to allow Mela to marry the Count. 'Overcome by the pressing solicitations of a woman who might serve as a model to her sex,' the Pope granted her plea."

It is right to say that these details only profess to be derived from "a French romance" which was translated into English in the eighteenth century. But the fact that the writer of the paragraphs in question reproduces in facsimile the title-page of the English translation might easily leave the impression that the supposed dispensation was taken seriously; for the title-page blazons the statement that Count Gleichen was "a German nobleman who received permission from Pope Gregory IX to have two wives at the same time."

The story in fact is very famous. During three centuries or more it found earnest believers who defended it hotly, and it has produced quite a considerable literature. What lent it special interest was the fact that in the lengthy memorandum signed at Wittenberg by Luther, Melancthon and Bucer in December, 1539, giving their formal approval to Philip of Hesse's projected bigamy, prominent reference is made to the supposed precedent of a certain nobleman (unnamed) who was allowed by the Pope to have two wives. A French romance of the middle of the fifteenth century narrates some similar tale of a Knight who is called Gillion de Trasegnies, but the introduction of the name of any Count Gleichen in this connexion cannot seemingly be traced back earlier than a speech, in 1546, of the Wittenberg professor Vitus Winshemius which was first printed in 1563. There can be no doubt that the wish to palliate the bigamy of the Landgrave Philip

of Hesse had much to do with the attempt to give this legend a definite historical setting.

The idea of locating it in Thuringia was probably suggested by a sepulchral slab covering the tomb of one of the Counts Gleichen buried at Erfurt. Three figures are carved thereon in high relief. The Count (seemingly Lambrecht II) is in the middle, and right and left of him are his two wives—an arrangement very common in medieval tombs and brasses of men who were twice married. This sepulchral slab, belonging originally to St. Peter's church at Erfurt, was, in 1678, violently detached from the tomb which it covered and was inserted in the pavement of the building, but it was rescued at a later date and transferred to the cathedral, where it at present remains. There seems to have been originally an inscription round the edge of the slab, but in the seventeenth century this was chipped away or effaced, though apparently the date 1227 could for some time still be read.

What is certain is that during the Pontificate of Gregory IX (1227—1241) no Count Gleichen married a Saracen. All the relevant details bearing on the legend will be found in the sumptuously-illustrated work "Die Stadt Erfurt," Vol. I, p. 318, which was produced in 1929 by Karl Becker, assisted by a number of other scholars. Count Lambrecht II von Gleichen, who died September 14, 1227, was undoubtedly married twice. His first wife was the Countess (Agnes?) von Orlamünde, his second, the Countess Maria von Kefernburg. These are almost certainly the ladies whose figures are carved on either side of his own effigy. The facts are established by original documents dated 1230, 1244 and 1246, to which references are duly furnished by Karl Becker. Count Ernst IV, who succeeded his father and who was a son by the first wife, outlived Gregory IX, but he must have died before 1263. He was only once married, the name of his wife being Mechthildis. It is certain, therefore, that Ernst IV is not the central figure portrayed in the Erfurt monument. Neither was it Ernst II, as suggested by Alfred Overmann in his book "Kunstdenkmäler der Stadt Erfurt" (1911), for Ernst II was the uncle of Lambrecht II and died as early as 1170.

Let us only add that in the non-Catholic encyclopædies of Germany the legendary character of the story of the Count von Gleichen's marriage to a Moslem is fully recognized. "*Der Grosse Brockhaus*" (Vol. VII, pp. 410—411, 1930) describes it as a folk-tale ("Sage"), and Meyers' "*Konversations-Lexikon*" (Vol. VII, p. 648), speaks in the same sense. When, therefore, *The Daily Telegraph* writer, with an open-mindedness which we do not always meet with in such cases, pointed out in a subsequent issue that Catholic scholars did not admit the authenticity of this Papal dispensation for bigamy, he might have added that its legendary character was admitted by Lutheran historians as well.

H.T.

THE ETHICS OF BOMBING.

EMOTION, no less than strong desire, is apt to be hurtful to clear thinking. The blinding effect of even righteous passions of indignation or pity or affection has to be allowed for, if judgment is to escape distortion. Unfortunately, those whose case is ill-supported by reason often find it useful to appeal to sentiment. Recent events connected with the Spanish war have afforded striking examples of this illogical form of pleading. It is notorious that the adherents of Red Spain stick at nothing in order to excite prejudice against the Nationalists. The hapless Basque children were removed in thousands, in some cases permanently, from their families in Spain on the unfounded plea that Franco would maltreat them. The generous emotion of pity was thus unjustifiably aroused and exploited for political ends. And because this righteous struggle for the survival of Christian civilization has largely to be conducted by the modern method of bombing, a movement of protest on humanitarian grounds against the general use of the air-weapon is being engineered both here and in America. On the surface this is a plea based on pity for non-combatants, especially for the women and children, who are represented as its chief victims. But it is anti-Nationalist propaganda all the same. Those, indeed, deserve pity who are thus crushed or suffocated or blown to pieces by death from the sky, and any agitation to have this means of attack abolished utterly should be supported by all Christian folk; but the implication conveyed by this particular protest against bombing, *sc.*, that the Nationalists are the only real offenders and that the Reds have used it only in reprisal, is so manifestly untrue and unfair as to make its genuineness suspect. Both the Reds and the Whites are asked in the appeal "to abandon by express agreement the deliberate bombing of civilian populations." Both the Reds and the Whites would certainly deny that they have ever *deliberately* bombed civilians, but, whereas there is no trustworthy evidence that the latter have attacked really "open" towns and villages, Salamanca has abundant records of extensive Red bombings of Nationalist centres of no military significance, during the first part of the war, before Franco had established supremacy in the air.¹ Now, when the cessation of bombing on both sides would be of immense and disproportionate value to the Reds, is the moment chosen for the issue of this humanitarian appeal.

Moreover, it is not seriously urged that Nationalist planes bombard centres on the Red side, which are "open," in the sense of military law—towns which harbour only civilians and are engaged in only civilian occupations. The outcry seems to be raised chiefly because it is the two cities of Barcelona, where the Red Governments are grouped, and which contains, according to Salamanca,

¹ See for many detailed instances *The Universe*, February 11th.

nearly 200 military objectives, and Madrid, the heart of the Red resistance, that are never safe from attack from the air. Yet the Nationalists agreed for the sake of non-combatants to exclude part of the capital from their operations: they could not be rightly expected to do more. People who protest on the score of law against this modern practice wrongly imagine that the international conventions limiting the character and objectives of warfare are still considered universally binding, whereas, in so far as they were mere conventions—joint agreements entered upon for humanitarian reasons, and not determinations of the moral law—they were all swept away by tacit consent in the late War, and indeed very many moral restrictions as well. The next war, should Providence allow our pride and our folly to bring about another, will start, in point of ruthless barbarity, where the last left off, for now more than ever the distinction between combatant and non-combatant has become confused. The Continental States have, in their blind search for security, enacted laws mobilizing their whole populations and resources for service in war time, and thus, instead of the conflict of armed forces alone, nation will stand arrayed against nation, and the range of hostilities be indefinitely extended. It is useless to quote the *dicta* of "international lawyers" as binding, when "the welfare of the State" is commonly held to transcend even the law of God.¹

Let those, then, who are so earnest in trying to stop bombing of military objectives in Spain—that is what both the English and the American movements amount to—pause for a moment and reflect that the practices which they condemn, their own Governments are preparing to adopt, should need arise. To speak only of this country—the elaborate preparations being made to save the population from the effects of gas-bombing are not confined to centres of military importance, but are practically universal. That shows that we do not expect the enemy to thumb the manuals of international law before dropping his bombs. His simple objective will be the natives of this green and pleasant land. And let us not imagine, in our self-complacent zeal for humanity, that we shall ourselves refrain from retaliating in kind. In fact, it is an axiom in this sort of warfare that the best form of defence is an intelligent anticipation of attack.² Surely, it savours of hypocrisy, or at least of mental obtuseness, to call the Nationalists, or indeed the Japanese, to account "for killing women and children," if we do not at the same time protest against the universal preparation now being made in all the great States for exactly the same conduct in the event of war. All that the Christian can and should

¹ The need of clarifying our moral theology in the light of the practical abrogation of Christian morality by so many States has been discussed in these pages last June in a paper called "New War and Old Ethics."

² Once thus strikingly expressed by Mr. Stanley Baldwin—"The only defence is offence which means that you have to kill more women and children more quickly than the enemy [can] if you want to save yourselves."

do is to press for the entire abolition of the air-arm in war. The misplaced ingenuity of man has created an uncontrollable monster of destruction, growing always in efficiency and claiming ever wider scope, and the only hope for civilization lies in refraining altogether from its use, even for the purpose of "policing the frontiers."

There is talk of appealing to the Pope to denounce what is going on in Spain and the East. People rightly think that the Father of all the faithful is surely more anxious about the increasing reliance on more and more horrible weapons of offence, which the faithless world is exhibiting in its search for a peace unattainable by such methods. His Holiness might well reply that one of his predecessors had already denounced without effect the process of seeking security through multiplying armaments; yet, we have no doubt that the cause of peace would be enormously advanced were there to issue from the Vatican one of those masterly expositions of doctrine which have already given such clear and welcome guidance in matters sociological, but this time devoted to the ethics of warfare. Moral theology, perhaps waiting for such direction, has not kept pace with altered international relations—the development of new weapons and the gradual elimination of the status of non-combatant. We know that the Ten Commandments retain unimpaired their right to regulate all human relations, including those of active hostility; we know again that purely aggressive warfare is merely mass-murder; but we do not know whether the means of settling international disputes by process of law should be thought to be now so readily available as to make methods of force unlawful, or whether the employment of the civilian population of a belligerent State in various kinds of war-activity deprives them of their non-combatant rights. Meanwhile, as shown above, we cannot with justice denounce the bombarding of military centres in Spain, however much civilians have to suffer in consequence. The Nationalists who, after all, when God grants them victory, will have to rule over all Spain, may be trusted in their own interests not to exacerbate unduly the feelings of the portion that still resists them. The "deliberate bombing of civilian populations," which is the charge unfairly brought against them, would only increase the difficulties of their task, both now and in the future.

The ultimate issue in this Spanish conflict is whether militant atheism or the Christian religion shall dominate that historic Catholic land, and this fact has aroused everywhere the hatred of the Church always latent in the world. The almost incredible reluctance in the public mind of this country to admit the truth concerning Spain does not arise from merely political prejudice. There exists a strong will *not* to believe. It is surely significant that the outcry against bombing has arisen only when the Christian forces appear likely to win.

J.K.

II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

- BLACKFRIARS:** Feb., 1938. **La Bourgeoisie Chrétienne**, by T.O.S.D. [An inspiring account of a French attempt to Christianize industry by a union of Employers.]
- CATHOLIC HERALD:** Feb. 18, 1938. **The Government should depend on the Workers.** [D. Jerrold on the existing Servile State.]
- CATHOLIC WORLD:** Feb., 1938. **"Shall we excuse Japan?"** [Editorial exposing the unsound morality which excuses armed aggression because of good aims or results.]
- CLERGY REVIEW:** Feb., 1938. **Man-Made Divorce**, by Rev. L. L. McReavy. [Divorce the solvent of Society even in the Natural Order.]
- DOSSIERS DE L'ACTION POPULAIRE:** Feb. 10, 1938. **Entre l'argent et la nudité du Christ**, by E. Delaye. [A timely study of the Christian attitude towards riches with reference to the Encyclical "Divini Redemptoris."]
- ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW:** Feb., 1938. **Bluffing men out of Christianity**, by John Coyne. [An amusing summary of groundless rationalistic clichés.]
- ETUDES:** Feb. 5, 1938. **Le XXXIV^e Congrès eucharistique international**, by Père J. Boubée. [An appeal to foreign Catholics to come to Budapest for the next Eucharistic Congress, with a description of the setting it will enjoy.]
- IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD:** Feb., 1938. **Reform or Revolution**, by Father James, O.M.Cap. [Some sound thinking on the European situation with reference to the remedies of the Encyclicals.]
- KULTUR UND POLITIK:** Feb., 1938. **Das Stift St. Florian**, by Propst Dr. J. Weingartner. [The architectural history of one of the richest and most famous of Austrian monasteries, with several excellent illustrations.]
- PRESERVATION OF THE FAITH:** Feb., 1938. **The Essence of Fascism**, by Richard Deverall. [The root error of Totalitarianism is the substitution of the State for God.]
- STIMMEN DER ZEIT:** Feb., 1938. **Bilder vom östlichen Christentum**, by Father I. Kologrivov. [A sympathetic study of Russian piety, as seen in the liturgical feasts of the Orthodox Church.]
- TABLET:** Feb. 19, 1938. **With Both Sides in Spain**, by Denzil Batchelor. [A sober account of the religious and moral contrast between Reds and Whites.]
- UNIVERSE:** Feb. 4, 11, 18, 25, 1938. **How the Church in Spain has Suffered**, by E. Allison Peers. [An authentic account of the prolonged oppression of the Church by the civil Power in Spain.]

REVIEWS

I—SOME BIOGRAPHIES¹

IN writing his life of *Philip II of Spain*, which repeats and surpasses the remarkable success of his "Isabella the Great," Mr. W. T. Walsh has had one advantage unshared by all other non-Catholic biographers however learned and careful: that advantage is his inside knowledge and acceptance of the Catholic Faith and *ethos* which were amongst the main inspirations of the career of his subject. Philip, true son of the Emperor Charles V, embodied to the full the Cæsarism of that time, which ill-brooked the co-existence of the spiritual power of the Church and was constantly encroaching upon her domain. At the same time, his Catholic faith was deep and sincere, prompting him not only to the devout performance of his religious duties but also to the safeguarding of the Faith from the assaults of its enemies both within and outside his dominions. Mr. Walsh is able to understand the interplay of these two influences and to show where in the conduct of the King one or the other predominated; a distinction, inability to perceive which has made Philip an enigma to many of his biographers. Add to this an intimate knowledge of the European politics of the sixteenth century—that epoch marked by the disruption of Christendom and the birth of the principal evils of our day—gained from contemporary sources, and it will be seen how exceptionally well equipped Mr. Walsh is for his colossal task. Philip and his family occupied for more than half the century a central position on that vast stage, and his plans and policies radically affected the course of events during the whole of that period and subsequent ages. When we recall that but for him the reforms of Trent might have been long delayed, the Turks have conquered all the Mediterranean coasts, and Protestant sects established themselves throughout south-west Europe, we realize how much Christianity owes to his practical and enduring faith. Those who are so short-sighted as to regard the Catholic Church as a man-made, tyrannical and retrogressive institution, and

¹ (1) *Philip II*. By William T. Walsh. London: Sheed & Ward. Pp. xv, 770. Price, 18s. n. (2) *Pope Pius the Eleventh*. By Philip Hughes. London: Sheed & Ward. Pp. x, 318. Price, 8s. 6d. n. (3) *Cardinal Merry del Val*. By Mgr. V. Dalpiaz. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. vii, 272. Price, 7s. 6d. (4) *Sorrow Built a Bridge*. By Katherine Burton. London: Longmans. Pp. 288. Price, 7s. 6d. n. (5) *Luther and his Work*. By Joseph Clayton. London: Coldwell. Pp. xxviii, 292. Price, 10s. 6d. (6) *Shaw, George versus Bernard*. By J. P. Hackett. London: Sheed & Ward. Pp. viii, 216. Price, 6s. n. (7) *St. Benedict*. By Dom Justin McCann. London: Sheed & Ward. Pp. 301. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

Luther's revolt as a noble uprising of the human spirit against an obsolete and unwarranted authority, will judge, and indeed have judged, Philip accordingly. It is Mr. Walsh's achievement to have provided the means of making that view untenable by any unprejudiced and well-informed mind. For, as we have implied above, he traces the origin of many modern abuses to the rejection, in the name of liberty and progress, of the moral guidance of Catholicism. From that source came the vast development of usury which has become the curse of modern industry and the *raison d'être* of Communism. From that source came the portentous growth of the secret societies of Jews and Freemasons which are the ruin of many secular Governments to-day. From that source has arisen the modern spirit of militarism which the late War has stimulated rather than scotched. And until the rule of the moral law of Christendom which the Reformation destroyed along with its faith is restored by means of Catholicism, there seems little hope for civilization. Not the least of Mr. Walsh's services to truth is his constant "debunking" of the Reformation legend—"the Great Protestant Tradition," which Newman, in his day, attacked—as his narrative proceeds. He takes occasion of Philip's connexion with England to unmask, like Mr. Belloc before him, the true inwardness of the Elizabethan "reformation"—the desire of the Church-robbers to retain and extend their pillage with the help of moneylenders and Masons. He shows, moreover, that it was owing to Philip that the succession of Elizabeth was so easily secured—one of many instances when Cæsar sacrificed the Faith for the sake of his dynastic interests. He makes clear, too, how even then war was maintained in Europe by the international Jewish usurer to whom both parties in national quarrels were constantly and heavily in debt.

It is a sombre picture, on the whole, of pride issuing in selfishness, injustice and violence, when Catholic princes, if not browbeating the Pope and plundering the Church, were combining with heretics and even with the unspeakable Turk in pursuit of their personal ends. Philip was the best of an inferior lot, and even his conduct proves how unfit any human being is to wield irresponsible power. It was a century of tremendous events, and, as often as not, the King of Spain was wrong in his reactions to them however upright in intention, simply from ignorance of their true import or from an overweening sense of his own interest. A Catholic draws one main conclusion from the story, viz., that the Church's survival in the constant clash of worldly ambitions, in spite of the imperfections of her Pastors, the attacks of her enemies and the betrayals of her friends, can be ascribed only to her divine gift of perpetuity. One might say much more about this very striking book but perhaps enough has been said to suggest that few can read it without interest, pleasure and profit.

Into no more capable hands amongst the present generation of Catholic historians could the task of interpreting briefly yet clearly the career of our present Holy Father have fallen than those of Father Philip Hughes, the Archivist of the Westminster Diocese. He has the historian's gift of selecting from a vast mass of documentation what is really significant and informative, and the skill of the practised writer in arranging his material so as to produce a finished picture with the greatest economy of effort. His bibliography shows the industry which lies behind the lucid, straightforward narrative in which the life of one of the greatest and most energetic of Popes is conveyed—a life which combines in an almost unique measure thought and action, speculation and practice, the writing and the making of history. There is nothing in English to compare with this account for accuracy and completeness of statement: one feels after reading it that one knows the Pope, although little is said about, so to speak, his domestic life—those intimate details of taste and habit that characterize the man rather than the great spiritual statesman and ruler. Sixty years—three-fourths of his life—were passed in literary pursuits which made him prominent in the circles of the learned yet left him comparatively unknown to the world at large—an exemplary and zealous priest, a profound scholar, a copious writer. Then towards the end of the War he was sent from the charge of the Vatican library to reorganize the Church in reconstituted Poland—a work of three years; returned to find himself appointed Archbishop of Milan and Cardinal; summoned to Rome after eight months for the Conclave on the death of Benedict, and wholly unexpectedly elected Pope on February 6, 1922. Father Hughes finds in the great Encyclicals which have marked the sixteen years of the Pontificate all that is needed to illustrate the greatness of mind and heart of their writer—his boundless spiritual energy, his prudent statesmanship, his practical zeal for the spread of the Faith and the defence of morality, the consummate skill with which he has met political situations of immense difficulty and delicacy. Of particular interest is his account of the Pope's early and prolonged connexion with the Congregation of the Cenacle, whose main work is the promotion of retreats amongst women, and his consequent devotion to that great instrument of spiritual regeneration—the Spiritual Exercises. But Father Hughes manages to provide, for each development of his subject's activities, the appropriate historical background—a short glance at the unification of Italy through the spoliation of the Holy See, an account of the Church in Poland, the relations of the Church with the East and, at greater length, the antecedents and consequences of the Lateran Treaties. Herein he defends very thoroughly and successfully the whole Papal policy *vis-à-vis* the Fascist State against the ignorance and malice of the prejudiced, calling especial attention to the letter of 1931—"Non

Abbiamo Bisogno"—which finally defeated the Dictator's attempt to Italianize the Church, and the Holy Father's perfectly correct attitude regarding Abyssinia and Spain. Relatively little is said about the Pope's Alpine experiences which, after all, have been described by himself, and thus more space is left for greater things. They are indeed impressive by their variety and magnitude—vast developments of inherited policies, such as the encouragement everywhere in the Foreign Missions of an indigenous hierarchy and clergy, and the exposure of the rottenness of the industrial order in "Quadragesimo Anno," and bold precedents such as the Lateran Accords and numerous other Concordats. The "Acta" of Pius XI run into many volumes: Father Hughes has here presented a compendious account of them which every zealous Catholic ought to possess for his own instruction and edification, and for the enlightenment of his non-Catholic friends.

It is significant that the movement for the beatification of Pope Pius X has aroused the beginning of a "cultus" regarding the Secretary of State who was so intimately associated with all his words and works during his Pontificate of eleven years—Cardinal Merry del Val. Both were priests of exceptional holiness, whose humility was tested severely by having greatness thrust upon them against their will, and both preserved, under the trappings of ecclesiastical dignity and the pressure of important occupations, the desire to sacrifice all for God's service. A large fully-documented Life of the Cardinal was published in Italian about five years ago. The Italian original of the present volume was abridged from that exhaustive account by Mgr. V. Dalpiaz, and is now further adapted for English readers by a Stanbrook Benedictine. It is in the old style of hagiography which abandons strict chronology in order to illustrate its subject's several virtues as they were exercised all through his life. Consequently, there is little shade in the picture, faithful though its details may be, and the tone of panegyric becomes somewhat artificial: those who did not think so highly of the Cardinal are not allowed to present their probably mistaken views. However, the various great incidents of an exceptionally crowded career are adequately recorded—the question of Anglican Orders before the Cardinal became a statesman, the prolonged struggle with anti-Catholicism and ultra-Catholicism in France, the attempt of certain Catholic scholars to break the traditions of the Church in the supposed interests of reason and scientific research. And large space is allotted to the Cardinal's apostolic work amongst the poor in Rome, to the general exercise of his priestly functions, and to his spiritual life as illustrated by his private devotional writings. After the death of Pius X, he gladly retired into comparative obscurity for the last sixteen years of his life, but the esteem in which he was held created a strong party in favour of his elevation to the Papacy when Benedict XV in

turn passed away. One would be glad to have known something of his relations with the present Holy Father, for two such men must have greatly appreciated each other's qualities.

Not until the story in *Sorrow Built a Bridge* reaches the point where the daughter of Hawthorne, separated finally from her husband, devotes herself to the care of abandoned cancer patients, does it rise above the level of interesting literary discussion, and the domestic life of travelled and cultivated people. But from that point it becomes genuine hagiography—an account of heroic unselfishness in the exercise of the works of mercy, spiritual and corporal. Hawthorne himself, a soul *naturaliter Catholica*, is a notable figure, the idol of his wife and children, and the society in which he moved both in America and abroad, is pleasantly if somewhat too meticulously sketched, but the life-work of Rose Hawthorne was on a wholly supernatural scale. It remains as a revelation of what the love of God can inspire, and as a permanent illustration of the true spirit of Christianity. Mother Alphonsa—she joined with her fellow-workers the Third Order of St. Dominic after her husband's death—had the gift of winning the help of others, and by her appeals raised immense sums of money which enabled her to enlarge and multiply her homes of refuge for incurable and destitute sufferers from cancer. For nearly thirty years she gave herself wholly to this heroic work, and finally went to her reward in 1926, in her seventy-fifth year. The skilful pen of Miss Katherine Burton, drawing on various reminiscences of the family and other contemporary sources, has woven experiences of those full years into a vivid and picturesque narrative, one side effect of which will surely be to revive interest in Hawthorne's masterpieces of fiction.

Mr. Clayton has many historical books to his credit, evincing both learned investigation of sources and sound principles of interpretation, but we doubt whether anything he has written can rival in practical interest and abiding value his recently-published *Luther and his Work*, one of the growing "Science and Culture Series." Mr. Clayton knows that the bare truth is the only genuine apologetic—that no record can leap to light which can disprove the essentially divine character of God's Church shown in two facts—its indefectibility in regard to faith and morals, and its perpetuity. He is not, therefore, concerned with hiding the mistakes or crimes of Catholics: he stresses indeed the forgotten truth that it was Catholic corruption in mind and will, not any assault from outside, that started the disruption of Christendom. The familiar story of that revolt is detailed lucidly in successive chapters, which clear up a good many popular misconceptions, especially that fore-shortening of history which obscures its gradualness, and the multiplicity of its causes, and which in each case expose the spiritual issues at stake often obscured by the

familiar confusion between use and abuse. A glance at the counter-Reformation closes an admirable book the worth of which we hope Catholic teachers will speedily recognize. No parts of it are more clearly and forcibly written than the introduction and conclusion which contrast the Catholic and Protestant principles—obedience to the Creator and rejection of His guidance; the revolt that began amongst the angels, that caused man to fall, and that prevents him from rising again.

Only one rhetorical phrase suggests a false idea. "Driving a wedge into Christendom, he [Luther] split the Catholic Church, tore asunder the body of Christ and left it rent" (p. 261). The Church which is the Body of Christ is essentially indivisible, but Christendom, the group of nations which can on the whole be called Christian, is not the Church, and has, alas! been broken up.

That George Bernard Shaw won and retained the friendship of Chesterton must always tell in his favour amongst Catholics as a proof of his sincerity. Presumably G.K. regarded him as a powerful intellect, devoid inculpably of that fulcrum in the grasp of truth which makes the mind logical and constructive, and consequently not accountable for the atheism that mars both his life and work. Mr. J. P. Hackett, another Catholic critic, subjects the career of Shaw to a close analysis, and finds that, for all the earnestness of the man as a playwright, an art critic and a socialist, a part of him, whimsically called Bernard, has never really grown up or shed the religious prejudices of his early childhood. Thus he is ignorant of the whole ethos of Christianity, he has no roots in the past, and does not see the metaphysical absurdity of his own attempt at a world-philosophy. Mr. Hackett's sympathetic consideration of his subject's work makes his final condemnation of its futility and contradictoriness the more impressive. The book is written in a sparkling style which makes merry with the pretensions of the modern agnostics, and deserves to be ranked with Wickam's "Irrationalists," Lunn's "Flight from Reason" and Noyes's "The Unknown God."

The last book on our list—Dom Justin McCann's *St. Benedict*—takes us back to an earlier and saner age. The Life of the founder of Western Monasticism has been written many times but—as Dom Justin points out—it depends ultimately on two documents, "The Rule" which is contemporary, and St. Gregory's account in the Dialogues, written half a century after the Saint's death. From the Rule may be gathered the ideals and the character of its author; from St. Gregory's Dialogues, the reputation of the Saint in his own age, and certain details of his life. Out of these materials, analysed, debated, interpreted by scores of loving pens, has come our knowledge of Benedict. Dom Justin could add nothing of substance to the narrative, but what he has done is to discuss the various interpretations and to decide which keep closest

to the original sources. He comes last, and thus is able to sit in judgment on all that has preceded him. This he does without captiousness and one feels that his is in every sense the last word. Much of the book is occupied with a detailed discussion of the Rule and the Benedictine spirit which Dom Justin declares is both "active" and "contemplative"—not, in any case, one without the other. The whole little volume is a monument of Benedictine scholarship, much of the erudition appearing in footnotes and appendices, and the whole conveying an impression of finality.

J.K.

2—THE NEGRO QUESTION¹

GOOD Catholics all over the world are endeavouring, under the clear and forcible guidance of the Church, to re-establish the reign of social justice and charity in a world which has largely abandoned the practice of those virtues, because Catholics in the past, and to-day as well, have not properly emphasized them in their own lives. The general problem is complicated in the United States by the presence there of a large community of coloured people, descendants of the African slaves who were inhumanly deported from their own country to the New World and, although ultimately set free, have never been able to break the bonds of social discrimination, woven by their black skins and lower culture. The American Constitution itself implies their entire equality with the Whites, but the relative articles are ignored. Even amongst Catholics, whose Faith should always prompt them to just and charitable dealings, the force of tradition and public opinion has made practice in this matter fall woefully short of profession. In these circumstances, the treatise called *Inter-racial justice* wherein Father John LaFarge studies the Catholic Doctrine of Race Relations, is of quite unusual importance. The Church in America is working vigorously to shake off the traditions of godless Capitalism. Many of the bishops and clergy have written strong denunciations of the prolonged exploitation of the worker practised by industrialists. The National Catholic Welfare Conference aims at bringing the Pope's social teaching home to all Catholics. But, hitherto, relatively few Catholic leaders have been working on behalf of the twelve million American negroes; few, even, in comparison with the various non-Catholics that are interested in raising the status of the coloured races. It may be urged that, out of the whole total, only a quarter of a million negroes belong to the Church—a fact which itself suggests that the black has not been the object of much missionary activity: on the other hand, some six millions are said to be ecclesiastically "unattached"—a ready

¹ *Inter-racial Justice: A Study of the Catholic Doctrine of Race Relations.* By John LaFarge, S.J. New York: The America Press. Pp. xii, 226. Price, \$2.00.

prey to the teachings of Communism. The field for missionary effort is immense.

Father LaFarge's book is, therefore, both a welcome sign of greater concerted Catholic action in the matter and a powerful incentive to increase and extend that action in every way. After establishing the fact of the progressive perfectibility of the negro by means of education and character-training—thus undermining the false superiority complex of the white—he bases his whole plea on human rights, defined and emphasized by Catholic teaching. In the Church, if nowhere else, the negro should find ready recognition of his claims to all the amenities of Christian brotherhood. There may be sound objections, and surely are at the present stage of the negro's social development, to inter-marriage between white and black. That is not a postulate of either justice or charity, nor does social intercourse necessarily tend to bring it about. But it is against both virtues to treat the coloured classes as essentially inferior to the white and to segregate the black artificially in residence, in school and hospital, and even in church, as if his presence brought contamination. Of course, the ordinary distinction of classes, into which human society inevitably falls and which are not in themselves opposed to Catholic brotherhood, are not blameworthy. There will always be rich and poor, cultured and uneducated, brain workers and manual workers, and so forth, and it is the glory of the Church that her effective membership unites these disparates in a common bond of charity which makes them essentially one. From that brotherhood the coloured should not be excluded. Father LaFarge does not despair of the ultimate disintegration of that inveterate American tradition, but he rightly holds that it will disappear only through a moral solvent, and that Catholics are the best equipped to bring that moral force to bear. The evil of race-prejudice extends, as Germany shows, far beyond the negro, and the principles here laid down prove that it is always and everywhere hostile to Christianity.

J.K.

3—THE CRISIS OF CIVILIZATION¹

MR. BELLOC'S interpretation of the history of Europe is by now familiar and welcome to English Catholics. In his latest volume, which contains the matter of lectures he delivered at Fordham University in the United States, he presents his main thesis anew in his usual lucid and cogent manner and with his usual ability to select the chief determining factors. This thesis as presented to an American audience, is simply that the culture and civilization of Christendom—what was for centuries called Europe—was made by the Catholic Church gathering up the social

¹ *The Crisis of our Civilization*. By Hilaire Belloc. London: Cassell. Pp. 250. Price, 8s. 6d.

traditions of the Græco-Roman Empire and giving a new life to that great body. He stresses the note of despair in the third century pagan outlook, a note that was to be lost in the vigorous courage of the new Faith. Possibly he underestimates the strength of pagan belief in immortality and he is surely original in attributing the spread of that belief in the pre-Christian Roman Empire to the Gauls.

The sixth to tenth centuries are often termed the "dark ages." Mr. Belloc prefers to regard the period as "The Siege of Christendom"; and it was only when Europe and the Church had endured that siege with a large measure of success that the golden centuries of the Middle Ages could be realized. He considers that Mohammedanism was at first a Christian heresy. This is an interesting view. In fact it might be possible to regard Mohammedanism as a second outburst of the Arian heresy which effectively denied the divinity of Christ, and even to trace it back to Greek philosophy, where the "Logos" was essentially inferior to God.

The eleventh to fourteenth centuries saw the full establishment of Christendom. The thirteenth century he regards as "the prime moment of our blood," at the conclusion of which there began the decline. He points out several of the features of Medieval Christendom which crystallized the truest Catholic culture. Such were the emphasis upon Status as the basis of society, the Guild system and the slow emancipation of the serf into the Christian Heaven.

With the break-up of Christendom, along with the "Reformation," this culture was partially disintegrated. It is to that schism that Mr. Belloc attributes the beginnings of the evils under which modern society labours: the notion of Contract in place of Status; the growth of usury and of unlimited competition; the existence of a large and despondent proletariat. These evils have brought us face to face to-day with the radical solution of Communism. This is shown to follow the line of least resistance and to avoid the difficulties inherent in the true solution, namely, that of a wider distribution of property and greater decentralization.

No doubt more of his readers will be in fuller accord with his historical interpretation than with the lines of his suggested restoration. But many will surely agree with his insistence upon a better distribution of property, a more rigid control of monopolies and lastly the re-establishment of the principles upon which were based the Medieval Guilds. But all this must be penetrated with a new and profound spirit of Catholic culture. Mr. Belloc's suggestions as to how this culture might be spread more widely through literature and the Press are worthy of grave attention. In any case the book is most heartily to be recommended, for it provides both interesting reading and matter for serious study and reflection.

J.M.

SHORT NOTICES

BIBLICAL.

THE author of **Introduction to Scripture**, Thomas Moran (Sheed & Ward: 7s. 6d.), offers us no credentials regarding his competence to deal with a highly technical subject nor does his book show that he is well versed in the study of the Sacred Scriptures. He runs through the main points of biblical introduction, and inserts specimen treatments of various points; but there are many inaccuracies in his work, which makes it on the whole unreliable. The explanation of inspiration leaves much to be desired. So, too, does the history of the canon: on p. 25, for example, it is said that in consequence of the decrees of the councils of Hippo (393 A.D.) and Carthage (397 and 419) and of Pope Innocent I (405) the authority of the *Vulgate* increased rapidly in the East and West. On p. 181, Gen. iii, 15 is discussed without any correction of the Latin text by the Hebrew original.

Dr. Lowther Clarke would have been well advised to cut out two of the four sentences upon the publisher's jacket of his translation (with introduction and short notes) of **The First Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians** (S.P.C.K.: 4s. 6d.). The date of the epistle is there fixed at 96 A.D., whereas nobody can be sure of the exact year; and it is said, "Here alone can we see what the early Christians, for whom the New Testament was written, were really like," whereas we get a much fuller and more vivid picture of them from St. Paul's epistles and other parts of the New Testament itself. This edition is meant for "the ordinary student of the New Testament," who will doubtless be grateful for it, inasmuch as "no other English translation with notes, other than Lightfoot's great work in two volumes, is to be obtained." From the Anglican point of view we suppose that the introduction may be said to be playing for safety. It minimizes the evidence of the epistle for the authority of the Roman Church, as also on Eucharistic doctrine and on some other points, and therefore is hardly a safe guide for Catholics. The translation seems reliable, though it would not be difficult in places to improve it. The short notes are usually helpful, though in one or two places there are some curious remarks, as when chapter 20 of the epistle is said, without any explanation or qualification, to be "giving a free rendering of the primitive Roman anaphora (canon)." The same, if we remember aright, has been said of the *Te Deum*. The book is admirably produced, as always with the S.P.C.K., and is therefore reasonably cheap at the price.

APOLOGETIC.

The course of catechetical instructions by Dr. Messenger which have recently appeared in *The Universe*, are now published in a

little volume entitled **Know Your Faith** (B.O. & W. : 2s. 6d.) In this collected form it is more easy to see Dr. Messenger's purpose; it is to make the questions of the catechism a source of life, and not merely a source of knowledge. Though the book is short it covers, practically, the whole course. Some understatement, due to compression, occurs now and then, as when the analogy between the Blessed Trinity and the "three powers" of the soul is declared to be an illustration, and nothing more.

When one has read Father Vincent McNabb's volume **The Church and Reunion**, Some Thoughts on Christian Reunion (B.O. & W. : 6s.), one cannot help wondering whether the author sees reunion any nearer to-day than he saw it well nigh forty years ago. The book contains some of Father McNabb's articles and reviews published since 1902; all are written in an atmosphere of peace and charity, by one whose main endeavour all the time seems to have been to understand the other side, to see the good in it, never to condemn it. Still, at times, he has been compelled to point out the weak places in the other side's defences; that, after all, is the truest charity, for the adversary will not see them for himself, "though they should appear as huge as high Olympus." There can be no union except on a dogmatic basis; the rest is merely specious. But since that is so, does not the latest evidence show that now, in 1938, we are more remote than ever from each other? And the blame is certainly not ours; it belongs to those who can to-day hold communion with a school which, in 1902, they would certainly have pronounced heretical. In reading Father McNabb's book, covering as it does so long a period, it may be well to remember that many of those of whom he writes have meanwhile materially weakened in their grasp of Christianity.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

Two further theses have reached us from the Università del Sacro Cuore of Milan and both maintain the high standard set by their predecessors. The first is an examination of the central doctrine of Rosmini from the more normal Scholastic point of view, under the title **L'Ideologia Rosminiana nei Rapporti con la Gnoseologia Agostiniano-Tomistica** ("Vita e Pensiero": 25.00 l.). The author, Signor Grazioso Ceriani, insists that Rosmini was essentially a philosopher of the Risorgimento, with its growing national consciousness and at the same time its Catholic revival. He traces the development of Rosmini's thought and shows that he was influenced by the sensism of Locke and Condillac and the critical idealism of Kant, as well as by the writings of the Scholastics. In his opinion Rosmini retained the notion of knowledge as an act of judgment or a *synthesis a priori* and thus gave to his system a somewhat idealistic character. There is an *a priori*

foundation for knowledge. The intuition of *l'essere ideale* is the Rosminian category by means of which what is real acquires a necessary and objective value. Such an outlook, Signor Ceriani says, cannot be reconciled with the Thomist metaphysic of Being. Rosmini does not represent a rebirth of Scholasticism but rather a deviation from the tradition which may be labelled *metafisica fenomenistica*. An interesting and well-written study even if the term *gnoseologia*, as applied to the thinking of St. Augustine and St. Thomas, rings a trifle queerly.

In a smaller volume *L'Aristotele Perduto e gli Scrittori Cristiani* ("Vita e Pensiero": 10.00 l.), Signor Giuseppe Lazzati continues the enjoyable task of tracing the influence of Greek philosophers upon early Christian writers. Making considerable use of the researches of Bignone and Jaeger which have done much to reconstruct the early treatises of Aristotle—the *Eudemos*, the *Protrepticus* and the Dialogue on Philosophy—he finds affinities between passages from these works and sentences of Clement of Alexandria, St. Basil and St. Augustine with a reference or two to Lactantius and Sinesius. It is often maintained that there are few Aristotelian echoes in early Christian writers. Signor Lazzati shows convincingly that the first and more Platonic dialogues of that philosopher were not without their influence.

In *Fundamental Questions of Philosophy*, by the Rev. A. Brunner, S.J. (Herder: 10s.), translated by the Rev. S. A. Raemers, the author comes to the rescue of educated layfolk who, ignorant of specialized terminology, are handicapped in their study of Scholasticism. For so far from overloading his pages with quotations from the scholastic writers he makes no direct reference even to St. Thomas. However this is less surprising if we remember that he does not propose to give a complete synopsis of the scholastic system, but rather to select a certain number of fundamental questions and to confine his attention to these, refuting the errors which have appeared in modern times by establishing the principles which disprove them. To take one instance. Father Brunner brings out well the scholastic doctrine of value, that is to say, the objective identity of being and value, as over against, e.g., the theory of Scheler, who does not succeed in effecting an objective unity between these two realms. The author would seem not to accept the real distinction between essence and existence, and his silence as to the application of hylomorphism ("matter and form") to the inorganic world may be taken to indicate that he personally does not think it should be so applied.

The Oxford University Press has recently published two books which deal with the thought of the Danish theologian and philosopher Kierkegaard. The first of these is a translation of an essay by Theodore Haecker bearing the name of its subject, *Sören Kierkegaard* (2s. 6d. n.). A short biographical introduction is

contributed by the translator. The book supposes some previous acquaintance with Kierkegaard's ideas and Haecker does not hesitate to describe him as a "great and incomparable genius." In an excellent essay the subject is treated from the point of view of the theologian, the philosopher and the critic. Under the first of these aspects Kierkegaard is the opponent of Goethe and Hegel and defends the supernatural against the natural, the transcendence of God against the immanence of the rationalist thinkers, the notion of a personal God against the pantheists. But his hereditary distance from the Catholic Church was a danger for which he was not always prepared and to which he not infrequently succumbed. From the philosophical point of view he reacts strongly against what he considered the too theoretical attitude of Hegel. He emphasized the importance of the individual and person. "The being and essence of the person," writes Haecker, "are the elements which he brought into philosophy." But this stress placed upon the individual led him to a position that at times appeared to be that of the rationalist: and possibly the ethical passion which was his, forced him in the same direction. As far as the critic is concerned, Haecker claims that here was a writer with a "sheer passion" for form, and adds that he doubts if there has ever been another man "who was so exclusively a writer as Søren Kierkegaard from his thirtieth year to the day of his death."

The second book is a translation of one of Kierkegaard's works, **The Philosophical Fragments** (7s. 6d. n.). The version has been made from the Danish by Mr. D. F. Swenson, Professor of Philosophy at Minnesota. A careful introduction reveals the sequence of the published works and the original and highly Socratic manner which the writer affects. The present volume, which treats of the central question of truth, is very important in the evolution of Kierkegaard's thought. For it introduces the reader to some of the fundamental Kierkegaardian ideas such as that of the personal appropriation of truth, the conception of Christ as the Absolute Paradox, and the idea that one may be contemporaneous with the Redeemer. The translation reads well and appears to have conserved much of the force and vivacity of the original. We are grateful to Mr. Swenson for his pioneer efforts. It is regrettable that we have as yet no full English version of Kierkegaard's writings.

DEVOTIONAL.

A third edition of **Nouveau Mois du T. S. Rosaire et Mois de Marie**, by the Abbé J. Koenig (Téqui: 12.00 fr.), would seem to imply that this little book is still widely popular and useful. It was written nearly forty years ago, to make practical Pope Leo XIII's Encyclical on the Rosary, and is specially intended for the Rosary Confraternity. There is a conference for each day of the month, with a special example, and a special prayer.

Mother St. Paul has added to her well-known and much appreciated volumes of meditations for the Liturgical Year yet another entitled **Nativitas Christi** (Longmans : 5s.). It begins with Christmas day, includes the saints of Christmas week and the feasts that follow, and, at the end, adds appropriate meditations on the Christmas Antiphons taken from the Little Office of Our Lady. It will be seen, therefore, that she has combined the liturgical season with the life of Our Lord. But her method is the same as before; the same regularity of construction, along with a certain originality of idea which catches our attention.

It must speak much for a book when a translation is made from its twenty-fourth edition. This is the case with "**I Give Glory,**" **A Book for the Sick**, by the Abbé Henri Perreyve, translated by M. G. Chadwick (Sands : 3s. 6d.). It is a book which, first, endeavours to unite the bed-ridden with the Liturgy they are unable to attend, by actual prayers and by many beautiful reflections. Then it takes the sick man's surroundings, the persons that come to him, the conditions in which he lives; quiet thinking about each thing in turn draws out many little essays full of peace and contentment. This is a book which every sick person will be pleased to read alone.

Overlooked at the proper season the little book called **Christmas**, by Renée Zeller (B.O. & W. : 2s. 6d.), well translated from the French by Mary Russell and prettily illustrated by D. Ardley, is too nicely produced to be passed over altogether; and indeed it may be read by children with pleasure and profit anytime. For it tells the familiar story of the Birth of our Lord—the Gospel of the Infancy—with all the necessary explanations in language admirably suited to young minds.

Father John Kearney, C.S.Sp., whose book on the Mass showed how well he could adapt a sublime topic to the ordinary reader, has succeeded equally well in **My Yoke is Sweet: Materials for Meditation on the Spiritual Life** (B.O. & W. : 6s.). He begins with the relation of Man to God from Creation, goes on to the new life of Man in Sanctifying Grace, shows how the perfect life is the fulfilment of the will of God; finally, in the Second Part of the book he illustrates this in the life of our Lord and His teaching. Underlying all is the joy of God's service, resting on His love and generosity. The chapters are written as spiritual reading, but summaries, points and prayers easily turn them into matter for meditation.

ASCETICAL.

That the Exercises of St. Ignatius can be given in a very modern, and almost in a journalistic form, is proved by the two large volumes of meditations entitled **Face au Devoir**, by Father G.

Hoornaert, S.J. (Desclée: 2 vols., 50.00 fr.). The author draws upon many retreats given to clergy, and also many recollection days distributed over twenty years, for his material; at the same time he does not confine himself to the clergy alone but has so popularized his style as to suit every type of reader. He traverses all the ground familiar to those who give and make retreats according to the Exercises, except for the omission of a few meditations, such as the "Kingdom of Christ." On the other hand, he gives a very modern picture in the "Two Standards." The author's style varies; at times it consists of a series of striking sentences, with short subdivisions, at times he develops an idea at some length. Illustrations are abundant, and from all kinds of sources. There are fifty meditations in all, for the most part on the Life of our Lord and certain special virtues drawn therefrom; but when we say that these two volumes are of almost 600 pages each, the reader will easily understand that few of the meditations could be easily given at one time. They have been written as they came, by one who has had long experience; consequently the ideas are liable to crowd in upon one another. But this is a fault on the right side.

NON-CATHOLIC.

In Chapter I of his latest book, **Evolution Without Natural Selection**, by J. C. McKerrow (Longmans: 1s.), the author enunciates his new theory of evolution, an idea of which may be gained from the following quotation: "The proper study of the biologist is the essentially living aspect of organisms, the manner in which the physico-chemical activity with which they began life and which remains their material basis throughout, has been modified by their history, the 'habit' which is so much the kind that we do not think of organisms *being* specific 'habits' of physico-chemical activity, but as *having* bodies of a particular structure according to their species" (p. 4). In that sentence, roughly, lies Mr. McKerrow's theory. Yet, having stated it and qualified it by the significant addition—"The view of life as 'habit' makes a speciality of simply accepting facts; it is debarred by its very nature from explaining them," he calmly proceeds in the remaining two chapters of the book to explain "The Emergence of Man" and "The Evolution of Sapience" in the light of his new theory. Logical? Scarcely, but logic does not appear to have a place in the "New Metaphysic." An explanation of such illogical procedure may, however, be found in Mr. McKerrow's theory itself, which accepts as one of its principles "the axiom that living action tends to be repeated because it has occurred before" (p. 2). This is Mr. McKerrow's fourth treatise on the subject of his "New Metaphysic."

HISTORICAL.

Just as the liturgical movement very often considers Liturgy as the sole expression of true Catholic piety so Monasticism appears to some to be the only mode of the way of perfection. This impression might be gathered from a recent publication by Dr. Ildefons Herwegen—*Väterspruch und Mönchsregel* (Verlag Aschendorff: 0.75 rm.). The object of the book is to show the development of Western Monasticism from personal religious initiative up to the juridical form of later monastic rules. No doubt, there will be many who will not agree with the first pages, where a straight line is drawn from the Logos of Parmenides to the Logion of the anchorites; this sounds too much like Theology Simplified and would not stand the test of historical research. But notwithstanding this, every reader will greatly profit by reading the second section where the rules of St. Benedict are shown to be the true outcome and continuation of early Christian spirituality.

Though mainly, almost necessarily, a book of statistics, *The Catholic Church in Scotland, 1560—1937*, by Peter F. Anson (B.O. & W.: 7s. 6d.), is full of interest, both for Scottish readers and for all who study the revival of the Faith in the British Isles. The early portion deals with the vicissitudes of Scottish Catholics since 1560, omitting little, though compelled to be brief; the second part treats in the same way of the period of the Vicars-Apostolic. Mr. Anson has the secret of hitting on the important names which make history hang together: Christie, Gordon, Hay, and many others catch the reader's attention and give life to the summary. The latter portion deals with modern times, the extraordinary growth of the Church, and the hopeful prospect for the future, thanks, in great part, to the changed status of Scottish Catholic schools. The book is illustrated by the author in the clear lines which we have learnt to know well and to appreciate.

In the movement for the rehabilitation of St. Thomas More, as a statesman, a writer and a Christian, which recent years have witnessed, no one is more deservedly prominent than Professor R. W. Chambers, whose life of the great Martyr is a standard book, and whose lecture—*The Place of Saint Thomas More in English Literature and History* (Longmans: 5s. n.), is a fine piece of apologetic devoted as much to asserting the Saint's claims as a master of English as to refuting the prejudiced depreciation of him as a witness to God's truth, which stains the pages of Froude and other Protestant writers. The lecture was originally delivered in the Old Hall at Lincoln's Inn to members of the More Society and others and, revised and extended, with a graceful foreword by Lord Russell of Killowen itself forms a substantial contribution to English literature.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

As fiction is often more true to life than history, so an imaginative life of a saint may often be more true than a studied biography. This has been the motive which has inspired **Saint of the Snows: A Chronicle of the Holy Elin of Skövde**, by the Rev. Joseph Dunney (Argus Press, New York: \$2.25). The author has had little enough of actual record of the Saint to work upon; but he has taken that little and gone over the whole ground, studying the manners and customs of the times, visiting the spots hallowed by the memory of the Saint, living her life over again in the midst of her surroundings. He has thus given us a picture of life in Norway in the early part of the twelfth century, with a saintly princess in the centre. A certain quaintness of style has been adopted to give a sense of reality to the "Chronicle"; the printing and production of the book are everything that could be desired.

The seventh booklet in the series of "Saints' Lives for Children," **The Curé of Ars**, by Wilkinson Sherren (B.O. & W.: 1s.), is made up of very short chapters, each marking a step in the Curé's life. The author has had to choose between covering much ground, and telling fewer and longer stories. For ourselves, we would prefer the second alternative; but probably the author knows better.

Wladimir D'Ormesson is a vigorous journalist, with a clear mind, and a point in every article he writes. Such at least is the impression conveyed by **Adieux** (Editions Spes: 12.00 fr.), which, first, contains a series of chapters in honour of Lyautey, then collects various panegyrics on other recent celebrities, among them Sir Austen Chamberlain, and concludes with other articles which bring home the need and value of a spiritual outlook in political and social life. It is a distinctly healthy book; without pretending to be spiritual reading it gives an elevated ideal of human life, showing that in that is the hope of our generation.

There has now been made more available for English readers a biography (**The Venerable Francis Libermann**, by G. Lee, C.S.Sp.; B.O. & W.: 6s.) which has been long overdue, for there are few lives of holy men so full of incident and so charged with varied interest. The hero stands out conspicuous for his simplicity—in the best sense of the word—sincerity, common sense and intense spirituality. His letters, of which there are three volumes in French, evince deep knowledge of asceticism and the keenest insight into the complexities of the human heart. He is quite one of the most stimulating figures amongst the great Catholics of last century. He died in 1852, aged forty-eight, leaving behind him a large and devoted band of workers in the mission-field. He is probably the only male religious founder who has started a congregation before his ordination. It is also exceedingly remarkable that a pre-existing association, the Society of the Holy Ghost,

should have sought and obtained amalgamation with his foundation, which was dedicated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The book is a reprint of the *American Life*, and its get-up is very attractive, but it would have been still more welcome if it had been brought up to date by giving the latest news of the progress of the cause of beatification.

In this month of March a work on St. Joseph is very much the "Book of the Month," and the comparative paucity of theological literature on St. Joseph makes Father Müller's new book only the more welcome. **Der Heilige Joseph**, by Joseph Müller, S.J. (Felizian Rauch, Innsbrück: 10.50 s.) is based on a course of lectures delivered at the University of Innsbrück, 1934—1935. As the sub-title of the book—"Die Dogmatischen Grundlagen seiner besonderen Verehrung"—indicates, the work is not so much devotional in character as a serious attempt to establish the devotion to St. Joseph upon a solid theological basis. The book opens with a brief historical survey of the cult of St. Joseph, after which much space is devoted to the consideration of the wedlock of our Lady and St. Joseph—both true and virginal—and of St. Joseph's fatherhood of our Lord—a virginal fatherhood; finally the consequences of these facts are worked out—St. Joseph's special relation to the order of the Hypostatic Union, his eminent sanctity, his patronage of the Universal Church, and his title to the special worship of Protodulia. A clear and scientific exposition, well studied in Tradition. There is no index, but in compensation, an analytical list of contents is provided.

Père Auffray, the author of the standard life of St. John Bosco, has published a smaller supplementary volume, dealing with the Saint's tour through France in the spring of 1883, entitled **Un Saint traversa la France** (Emm. Vitte: 12.00 fr.). The author has gone over the same route, stage by stage, gathering the evidence from those still living, where possible, who remembered St. John Bosco's visit. He has made a very interesting collection of anecdotes, some miracles, many instances of spiritual vision, occasional examples of that humour which never deserted St. John. Here we learn the full story of his visit to St. Sulpice, and his there breaking the rule; a story which the late Cardinal Bourne, who was a student at the Institute at the time, was fond of telling. The volume has a further interest because of the people whom Don Bosco met, Victor Hugo, for instance, and the impression he made upon them.

SOCIOLOGICAL.

It is a singular thing that St. Thomas More's Platonic sketch of an imaginary republic should till recently have had greater vogue amongst the godless Bolsheviks than amongst his own folk in England. The Soviets imagined they had found an early precursor of their revolution in St. Thomas's work: Catholics here have had

no Catholic version for their use until Mgr. Hallett's *Utopia* (B.O. & W.: 6s.) recently published with full critical apparatus and notes, and with a valuable Foreword by Lord Russell of Killowen contrasting More's England with modern times. The Editor has contented himself with modernizing the spelling of the first English translation—that of R. Robinson in 1551—which no doubt makes it more intelligible to the modern reader. Some day, we hope, the Latin, a language which never grows old, will be rendered into English of our own time and thus the last barriers removed which prevent its popular vogue. In the meantime, Mgr. Hallett's copious notes and his critical introduction provide the student with a model text.

FICTION.

The story of *Brother Klaus* (B.O. & W.: 7s. 6d. n.) is an historical novel of interest written by a noted Swiss authoress, Maria Dutli-Rutishauser, and pleasingly translated by E. F. Peeler. It is a dramatic tale with its picturesque background of the mountains and it tells the stirring story of Blessed Nicholas of Flüe of the fifteenth century, the simple peasant, the devoted husband and father of a large family, the great soldier and statesman whose religion inspired everything he did and who became one of the immortal heroes of Switzerland. The President of the Swiss Republic introduces the book which has been translated already into three languages.

YEAR-BOOK.

The compilers of *Bibliografia Missionaria* aim at indexing not merely Catholic missionary books but the most important articles from all Catholic missionary publications, excepting such as are purely scientific or deal with days previous to the late Middle Ages and are already indexed. The issue of 1937 (Anno III: 1936; *Unione Missionaria Del Clero in Italia*, Roma, price, 5.00 l.) will prove most useful to such as are familiar, not merely with the periodicals mentioned but also with the various missionary publishers of the world. However, for many interested in mission-study it would be very desirable that names, with full addresses, of publishers and prices be in all cases printed.

PERIODICAL.

We are delighted to call attention to the tenth anniversary number of an American monthly periodical called *The Preservation of the Faith*. Although published by a Missionary Society—the Servants of the Most Holy Trinity—it is the Home Missions—the neglected Catholic communities scattered over the vast area of the United States—that the Fathers have mainly in view. Hence their magazine concerns itself with apologetic in the widest sense—the exposition and defence of the Faith under all its aspects—

with conspicuous zeal and success. This particular issue has brought together a remarkable collection of well-known expert writers. (Subscription, \$1.00 a year: 20 c. per copy: Holy Trinity Heights, Silver Spring, Maryland, U.S.A.)

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

We have read much written about St. Thérèse, but we have never seen so much compressed into so small a space concerning her as is to be found in the tiny brochure *L'Evangile de Lisieux*, by Renée Zeller (Flammarion: 2.25 fr.), for in less than twenty pages the author catches the essentials of the Saint's character as described by herself. An excellent portrait of the Saint adorns the cover.

Amongst C.T.S. twopenny pamphlets to be noticed this month are **Why in Latin?** wherein Father Martindale, S.J., lucidly and chattily explains the practice of the Western Church and Rite; **How History is Mis-written**, by Father Thurston, S.J., reprinted from our own pages, and preserving the record of a triumphant controversy with Dr. Coulton; **The Priest in Confession**, by the Rev. R. Baybutt, is written in the form of a letter to a non-Catholic friend who could accept anything about the Faith but this Sacrament—this prejudice the author deftly explains away, writing at the same time a paper which Catholics will find helpful. A pamphlet which will have a very wide sale is surely that by Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, **Dropping the Hyphen**—the hyphen being that between "Anglo" and "Catholic," wherein she tells so clearly and arrestingly the story of her own most logical conversion, in a manner devoid of all sentimental emotionalism, which gives it unusual worth. Other pamphlets, all useful, are reprints: **A Way to End the Leakage**, by Father Leycester King, S.J., now revised; **The Miracles at Lourdes**, by Father F. Woodlock, S.J., sixty-fifth thousand; **Catholics and Divorce**, a revised edition by Father Thurston, S.J.

The Rev. F. J. Pinkman, the Presbytery, New Milton, has ably translated **The Preface and Canon of the Mass**, and published them in a booklet. **The Catholic Mind** (The America Press: 5 cents) for January and February contains a number of most valuable reprints, some from our own pages, and has adopted a striking new cover to match its contents.

A CORRECTION

In a paper published in our last issue called "French Catholics and Politics," the author gives as his opinion that "a species of Tolstoyanism" and "an attitude which seems to hover at times on the 'dangerous edge' of material heresy" found expression in an article by Don Luigi Sturzo in *The Dublin Review* for July. Don Sturzo has written to deny emphatically that this charge can be

substantiated in anything he has written in the article. Accordingly, his critic, whilst regretting that he wrote what has proved to be a grave misinterpretation, though made in all good faith, wishes us now to state—and of course we gladly associate ourselves with his *amende*—that he fully and unreservedly accepts Don Sturzo's denial.—ED.

"THE MONTH" FORWARDING SCHEME

In April we shall reach the third anniversary of the birth of the Forwarding Scheme, when it is hoped that an interesting account of its present fortunes and how it is appreciated in the mission field will be published.

Readers who are willing to forward their "Month" to a missionary or to provide an annual subscription (14s.) for one to be sent direct to the more distant outposts are asked to communicate with The Hon. Secretary, "The Month" Forwarding Scheme, 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Readers must enclose a stamped addressed envelope, and all names and addresses, whether of missionaries applying for "The Month," or readers providing it, should be printed in capitals. Missionaries should notify the Secretary if their "Months" do not arrive regularly, and both priests and forwarders should send us any changes in address at once. (Subscription from U.S.A., \$3.50.)

FOREIGN STAMPS, particularly from British Colonies, are collected by the Secretary and sold for the work of the Forwarding Scheme. These should be cut off leaving roughly $\frac{1}{4}$ in. margin. If edges or backs are damaged they are useless.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, New York.
The Bravest of the Virginia Cavalry. Pp. 186. Price, \$1.00. *Could you Explain Catholic Practices?* Pp. 184. Price, 25 c. Both by Ch. J. Mullaly, S.J.

BASIL BLACKWELL, Oxford.
Would I Fight? By various authors. Pp. vii, 201. Price, 5s. n.

BONNE PRESSE, Paris.

Huysmans. By M.-M. D'Armag-nac. Pp. vi, 192. Price, 10.00 fr.
Trois Jeux du Seigneur. By Élie Maire. Pp. xi, 192. Price, 10.00 fr.
Sous de Joug Hitlerien. Pp. 132. Price, 6.00 fr.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD., London.

Orbis Catholicus. By Donald Attwater. Pp. ix, 314. Price, 7s. 6d.

Christmas. Translated from the French of Renée Zeller, by Mary Russell. Pp. 65. Price, 2s. 6d.
Mary's Part in Our Redemption. By Canon George D. Smith. Pp. xi, 187. Price, 6s.
Arms for Red Spain. By Pierre Hericourt. Pp. ix, 64. Price, 6d.
How to Love God. By Rev. G. Martin. Translated by Rev. E. A. Maguire. Pp. viii, 168. Price, 3s. 6d.
Communism and Anti-Religion. By various authors. Pp. xv, 119. Price, 3s. 6d.
At the Bedside of the Sick. By Mother Catherine de Jésus-Christ. Translated by E. F. Peeler. Pp. xii, 152. Price, 5s.
Miss Kate. Edited by Herbert Thurston, S.J. Pp. xiii, 133. Price, 3s. 6d.

CASSELL & Co., London.

Faithful Stranger. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Pp. 314. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

- COLDWELL, London.
Twenty-one Saints. By Aloysius Croft. Pp. xi, 151. Price, 6s. 6d.
High Points of Medieval Culture. By James J. Walsh. Pp. xi, 274. Price, 12s.
A Modern Galahad. By Albert S. Foley, S.J. Pp. xvii, 241. Price, 10s. 6d.
Gold-Dust. By V. M. Tracy. Pp. x, 83. Price, 6s. 6d.
- DENT & SONS, LTD., London.
Greek and Latin Versions. By Walter Shewring. Pp. 111. Price, 7s. 6d. n.
- DESLÉE DE BROUWER, Paris.
Correspondance du Cardinal Pierre de Bérulle. Tome II. Edited by Jean Dagens. Pp. 542.
- EDITIONS DE LA CITÉ CHRÉTIENNE, Brussels.
La Pensée de Jacques Rivière. By Adrien Jans. Pp. 89. Price, 7.50 fr.
Vie d'Alexandre Pouchkine. By Zinaïda Schakhowskoy. Pp. 79. Price, 7.50 fr.
Le Moi de Monsieur Barrés. By Paul Pochet. Pp. ix, 81. Price, 7.50 fr.
- EDITIONS SPES, Paris.
L'Esprit et la Bête. By Albert Bessieres, S.J. Pp. 254. Price, 7.50 fr.
Code de Morale Internationale. Pp. 219. Price, 12.00 fr.
- FLAMMARION, Paris.
Images de Dom Chautard. By Elie Maire. Pp. 150. Price, 10.00 fr.
Le Croquant devant la Vie. By A. D. Serpillanges, O.P. Pp. 48. Price, 2.25 fr.
- HEATH CRANTON, London.
Heritage of the West. By Ernest W. Martin. Pp. 191. Price, 3s. 6d.
- HERDER, London.
The Great Redeemer. By Very Rev. Tihamer Toth. Translated by V. G. Agotai. Pp. 301. Price, 12s.
Christian Perfection and Contemplation. By Reginald Garrigou Lagrange, O.P. Translated by Sister M. T. Doyle, O.P., Pp. 470. Price, 14s.
Ontology. By Paul J. Glenn, Ph.D., S.T.D. Pp. 340. Price, 10s.
Marriage and Parenthood. By Rev. Thomas J. Gerrard. Pp. vii, 178. Price, 4s. 6d.
- INDIAN ECONOMIC CONFERENCE, Hyderabad.
The Central Problem of Indian Economy. By P. J. Thomas. Pp. 36.
- KING BROS. & POTTS, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
The Cry of Europe, and Other Poems. By Mrs. Eric Bruce. Pp. 23. Price, 1s. 6d. n.
- LETHIELLEUX, Paris.
Théologie et Piété. By R. P. Timothée Richard, O.P. Pp. vi, 282. Price, 18.00 fr.
- LIBRAIRIE FÉLIX ALCAN, Paris.
Du Groupe Ethnique à la Communauté Religieuse. By A. Causse. Pp. 343.
- MARGUERITE BOURGEOIS COLLEGE, Montreal.
Notre Dame (Annual). For the year 1937.
- PAULIST PRESS,
A Church of the Sacraments. By Peter Moran, C.S.P. Pp. 16.
- SANDS & CO., London.
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